862.
1831
862

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

Troy, a Drama in Score

PRESENTED BY

Mr. W. Goodwin.

862.

No.....

IN THE CATALOGUE

OF THE

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.

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"The Virgin Prophetess, or, The Fate of Troy"; an Opera, performed at the Theatre Royal. Written by Elkanah Settle.

The music composed by Godfrey Finger.

The play was published in quarto in 1701.

The instrumental music was printed in single parts. It is not included in this score

R.C.M. London

R.C.M. London

The Gift of William Watts July 20th 1786

Mrs Goodwin

SOCIETY OF
British
MUSICIANS

R.C.M.
London

Act ye 5st: ✱✱✱

The Curtain Draws and Discovers
A Magnificent Chariot twenty foot
high, Drawn by two white Elephants,
Placd in ye Depth of the Prospect
and fronting the Audience, In ye Chariot
are Seated Paris and Helen; In the
Two ffront Entries on each side ye Stage
Advanced before the Wings, are four
More White Elephents, bearing Each
A Castle on their backs wth a Rich
Canopy over Each Castle, and in Each
three Women; on ye Necks of all the
Elephants a Negro Guide, Each of these
Paintings twenty two foot High:

Par — Now Troy's Invincible: Yes my fair Helen,
The Coward Greeks are fled:
And leave me Lord of thee: nor are those Eyes
Lessworth then ye whole ten years Blood they Cost,
I would not buy thee Cheaper. Oh ye Pleasure,
That I have put the World in arms, and Drawn
The Angry Gods to Battle;
Made Heavn and Earth both Glitter in thy Cause,
Such th' Attracting Power bright beauty Draws.
But now when the tird Worlds long Discords Cease
Tune all your Trumps of War to Songs of Peace.

Here Enters A procession of Men
Singers, ranging on Each Side y^e Stage
And Joining in Consort wth y^e Women on
the Castle ✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱✱

The Vocall Musick:

SOCIETY of British MUSICIANS
R.C.M. London

First Act

Tr

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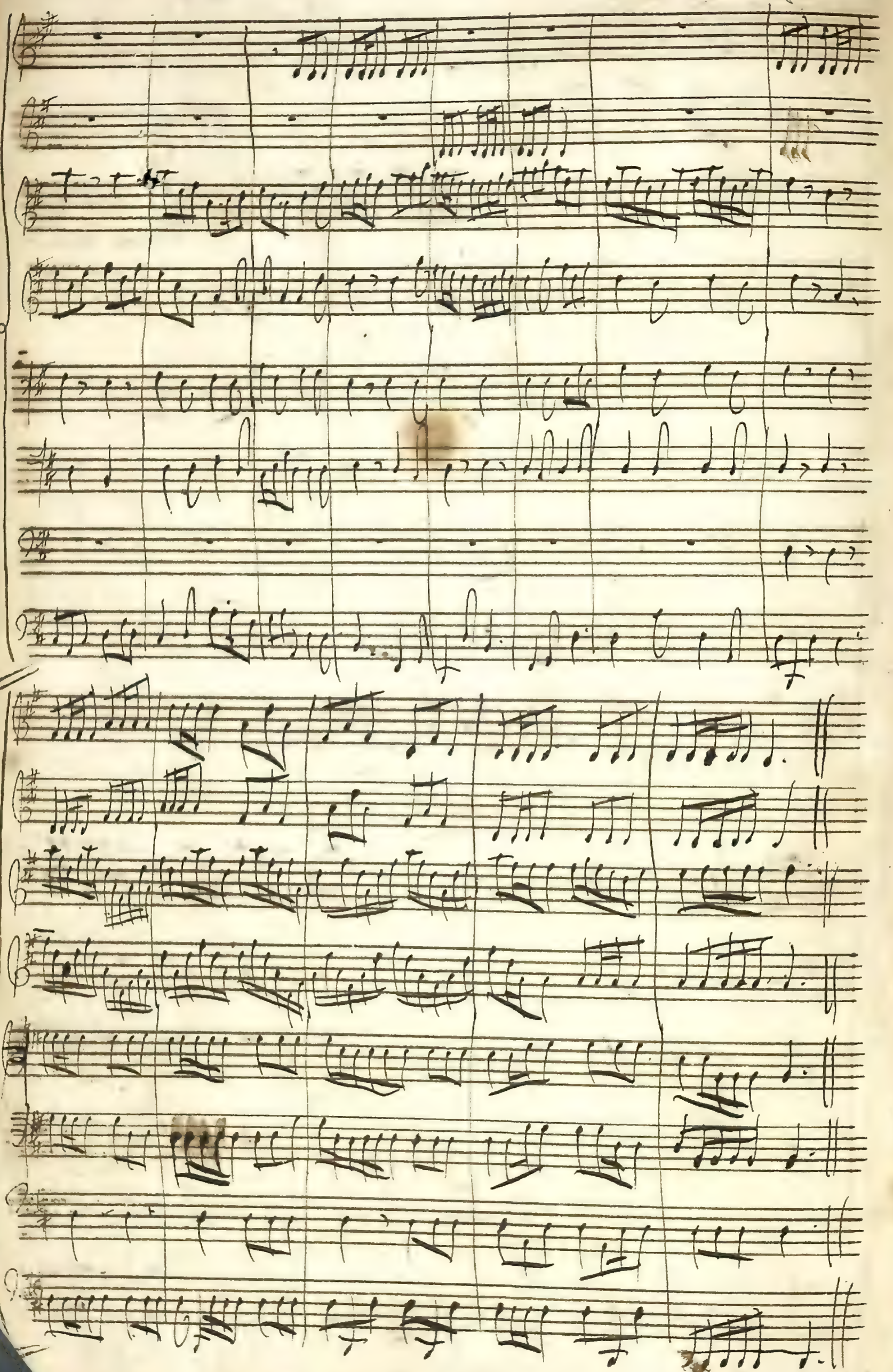
Kd



War War & Battle rage no more no more no more

O the Gods Have given ye Vengeance ore Paris is now

Heavns Darling Boy whilst smileing Peace & Halcyon Joy all broods a-

round no ye Walls of Troy Our Guardian

God this proof Have given ye Love & Care of Heavn of Heavn

of Heavn ye La ye Care of

Heaven ♮ Lo = = = = Love ♮ Care of Heaven ♮ Lo = =

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= = = = = = = = Love ♮ Care of Heaven 25

Cho

Our Gaurdian God this Proof have Givn

Our Gaurdian God this Proof have Givn

Our Gaurdian God this Proof have Givn

Our Gaurdian God

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That Loves the Care Love Love Love Loves the

That Loves the Care Love Love Love Loves the

That Loves the Care Love Love Love Loves the

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Care of Heavn & Love & the Care Love Love Love &

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Care of Heavn

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Care of Heavn

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Care of Love y Care of Heaven of Heaven That Love the

Care of Heaven That Loves ye Care of Heaven

Care of Heaven That Loves the Care of Heaven

Care of Heaven That Loves the Care of Heaven

Care of Heaven That Loves the Care of Heaven

SOCIETY
British

Our Guardian

our Guardian God this proof have

our Guardian God this proof have give our Guardian

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give & Love the | Care of Heav'n & Love & Care of Heav'n & Love &

God this proof have | give & Love & Care of Heav'n of heav'n & Love &

Our Guardian | God this proof have give 7 5 that

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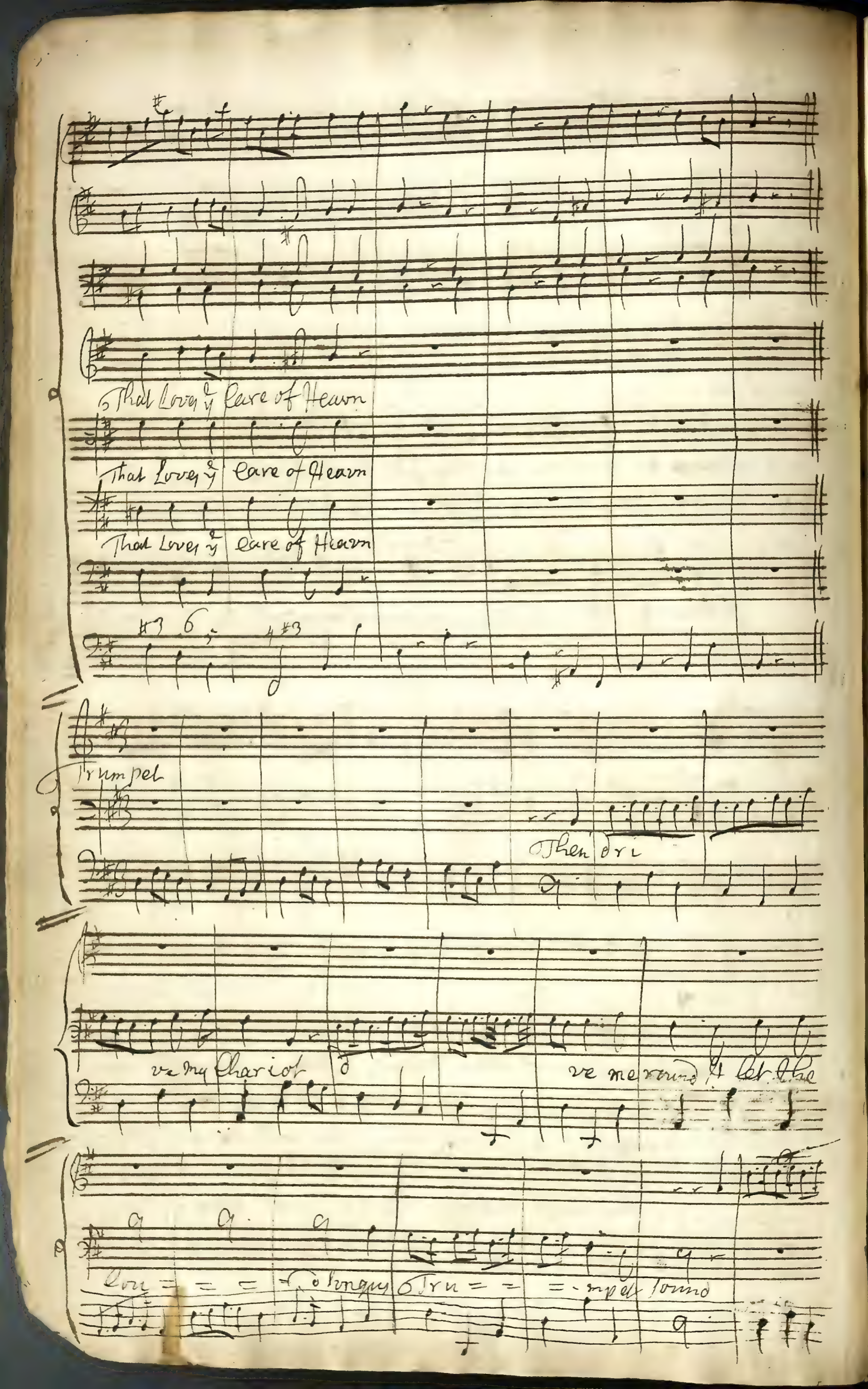
That Loves y Care of Heavn
That Loves y Care of Heavn
That Loves y Care of Heavn
Trumpet
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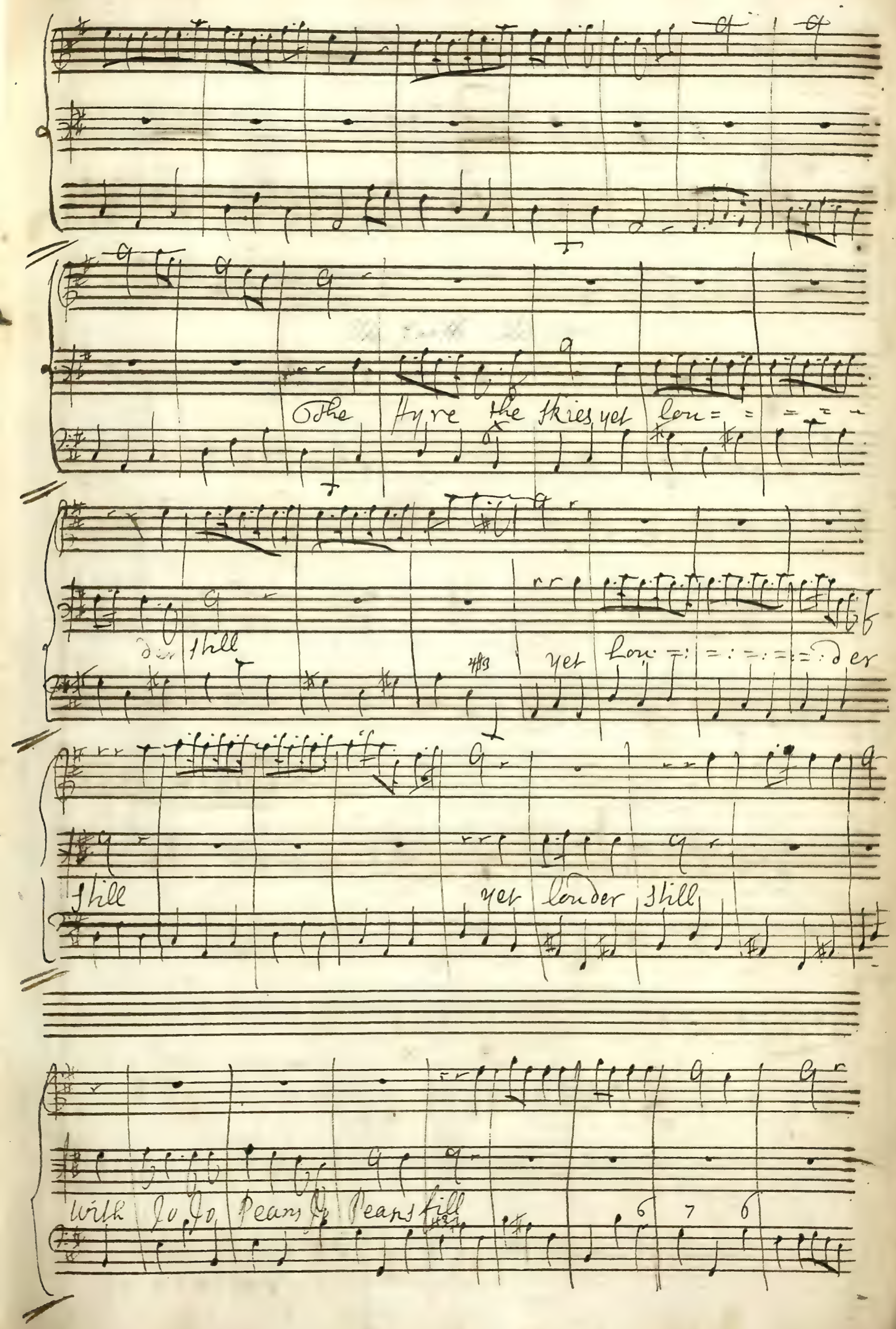
ve my Chariot
ve me round & let the
Cou = = = d longus Tru = = = mpet sound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der still
yet lou = = = = = = der
still
yet louder still
with Jo Jo Peans Jo Peans fill

Crack Crack your Brazen throats a sunder so lou

so loudtill listning worlds shall wonder

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Eccho back in Thunder Jove Jl mighty Jove shall Eccho

shall Eccho shall Eccho back in Thunder

Ad

Drum

Crack Crack Crack your brazen Throats asunder

Crack Crack Crack your brazen Throats asunder

Crack Crack Crack your brazen throat asunder

Crack Crack Crack your Brazen throat asunder

Bah

Kettle Drum

Jo Lou

Jo Lou

Jo Lou

Jo Lou

Jo Lou

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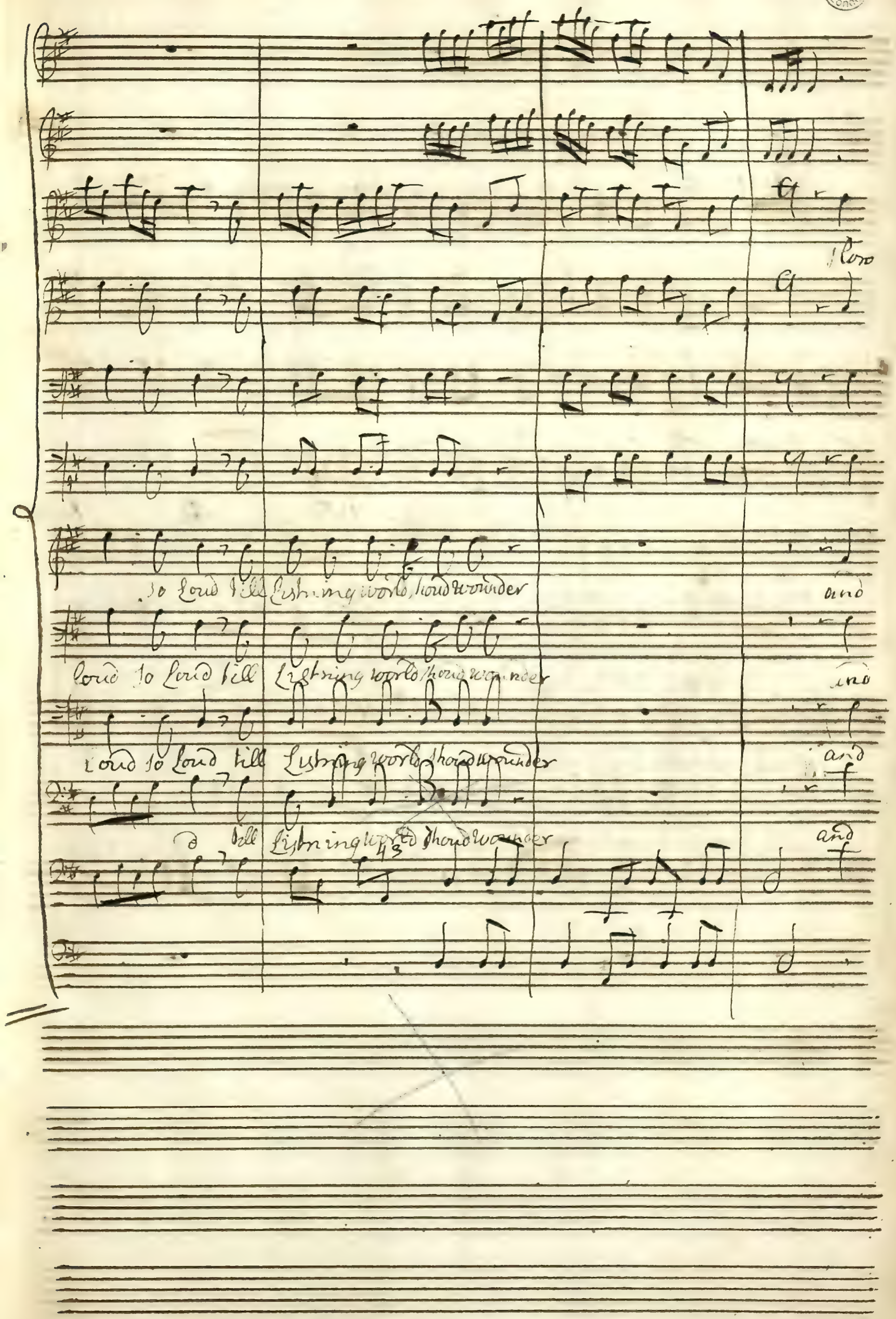
R.C.M. London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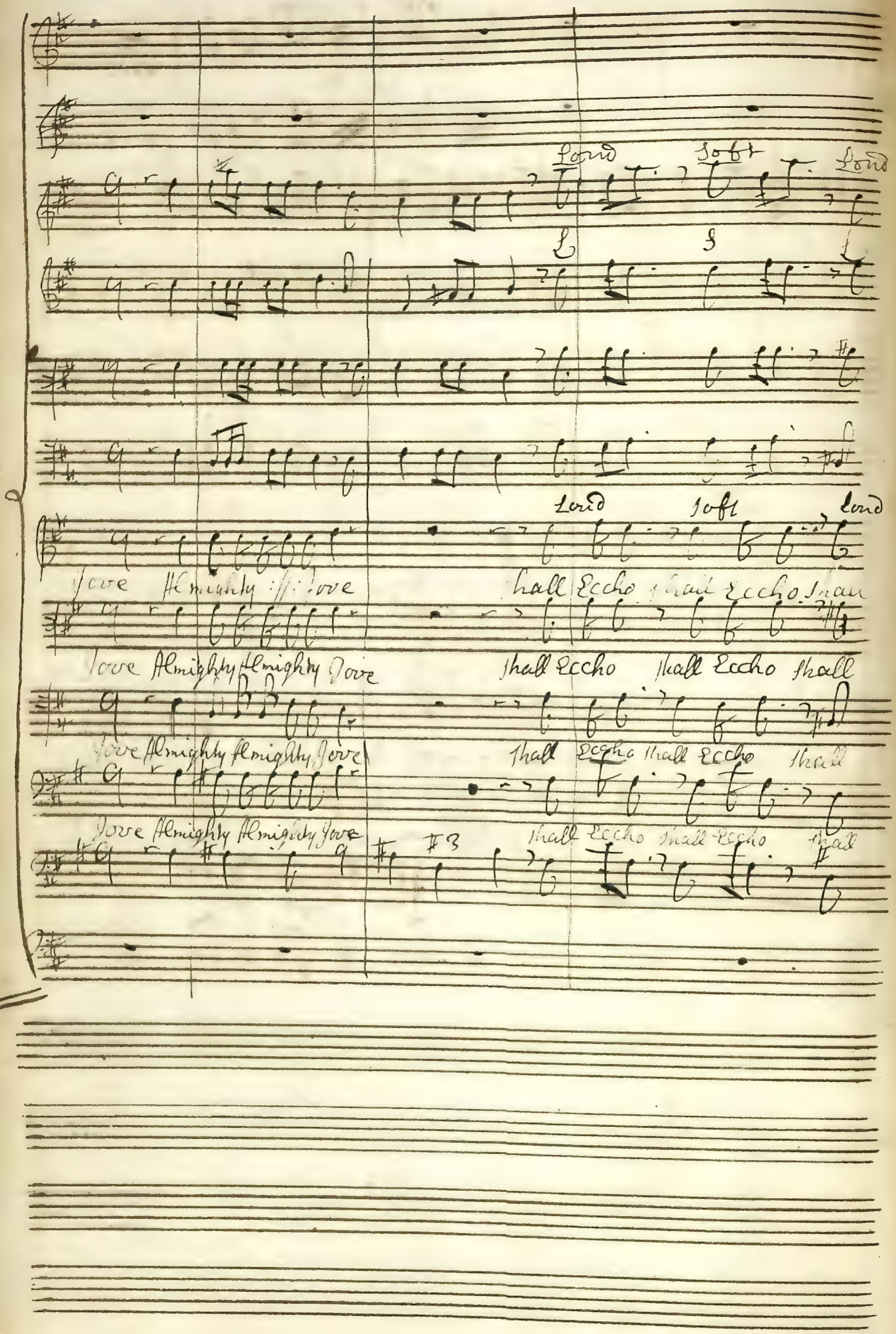
Loud
Soft
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Jove Almighty Almighty Jove
Shall Eccho Shall Eccho Shall

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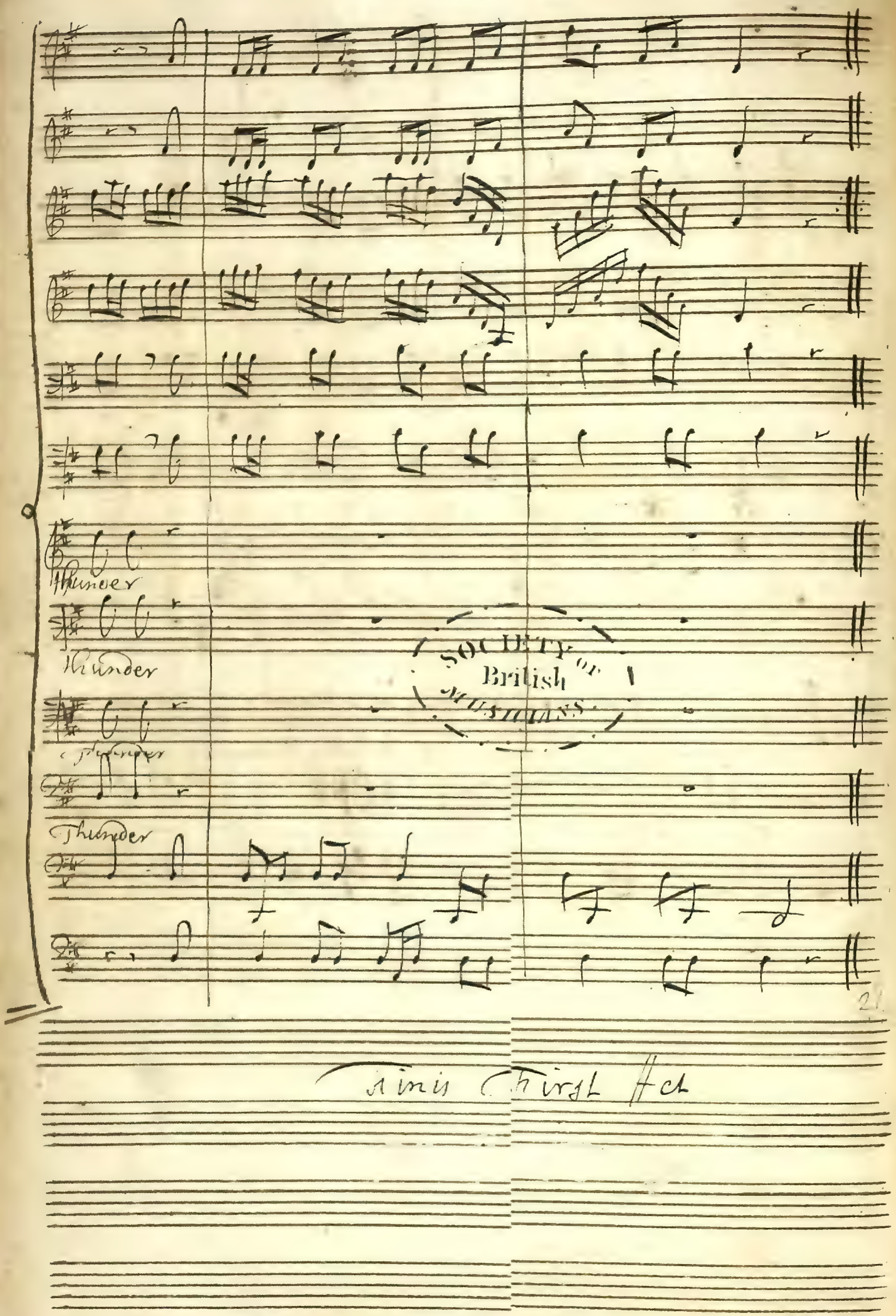


SOCIETY OF British MUSICIANS

Hel— Oh my Loved Paris! These soft Hyrs of Joy
Wares rude Alarms shall now no more Destroy.
Her Martiall God Let Loves soft Goddess greet,
In his rough Steel the fierce Destroyer Meet
In flowry Garlands, and in flowing Gold
Latt these Embraces my Dear Paris hold.
To meet my eyes Lay by thy Martiall Charms
And Come the Sweet Adonis to these Arms.

Par— Adonis I, thou more than Venus raign
Not the fair Queen of Love on Ida's Plain
With half thy Beauties Shind
Not the three Rivall Goddesses, all Joynd.
Stampt in one form Divine, Cou'd Match thy Lovely Mould
Twas this fair hand Deserv'd the Ball of Gold
Thus Doubly Blest wth such Triumphant Charms,
Peace round my Gates, and Beauty in my Arms,
Where Hector drag'd in Blood, I'll Drive arround
The Walls of Troy wth Love and Laurells Crownd.

The Scene Shutts, Changing to ye
Grecian Camp + Enter Menelaus
Ulysses, neoptolemus &c &c

Men— Now by my Arms, to yet behold yon pile
Of Troys unshaken Towers, gives me to Doubt
Whats Right or Wrong. Nay Evn ye abetting Gods
Take Different Sydes. the very Cause of Troy,
An Impious Rape, and Violated Bed
Have Champions Arm'd in their Defence above.
Why is this Done! if there be wrong or Right,
Why are there powrs that barr ye Grecian Vengance,
And Shield the Head of Troys Adultrous Paris.

Ulyss— We Search in Vain the Cause of Heavns Decrees;
Alls not Unjust we Cannot reconcile.
Sometime the prosperous Wickedness of men
Is but the Unseen Policy of Heavn.
Shoud Divine Vengance
Strike wth an Universall Sword of Justice

The Race of Men would perish, Natures to tring
Foundation sink, and ye World End too soon.

Men — Well, if the Great Dispensers of our ffate
For Reasons of their own can unconcerndly stand
Those Cold and ffeeble Champions of my Cause
Yet I my self am Guardian of my Honour
And to my Soul Can say
I have not tamely borne my blazing Injuries
Not like the common Herd of Drowsy Husbands
Slept ore my wrongs, and winkd at pointing Infamy
No, tis my pride that I have Drawn the Swords
Of more than half ye World Asia and Europe;
Pusht a Long ten years warr; A noble Vengance
And only by th' opposing Gods Defeated,
I thank my Stars,
It is my Glory still, however Little
I have receivd I have Deservd from Heavn.

Ulyss — If such Desert
Has those few ffrends above, seek not their ffriendship
Carve your own Vengance, make ye Nobler work
Of Glory all your own.

Neo — Ay sir, do that,
And fix your fame Immortale. Nor Let ten,
Ten Long — ten short years fruitless Labour Lost
Make your Cause Droop: Revenge like yours, is worth
An untird Ages Patience.

Ulys — ffar from Ages;
A few short Dayes now seale ye ffate of Troy
And that unfinishd work where ffighting Heroes
Against Stone walls, Iron Gates, and brazen Towrs
Have only Dasht out their Unthinking Brains
This Deeper Head shall find: Tis your Ulysses,
His Conquering Arme of War, wise Art and Stratagems;
Tis they must Crown that work which force in Vain has toyld fo
So far already have my Councells prospert
This feignd retreat from ~~war~~ their abandond walls
Has hushd the Tears of Troy.

Neo — Lull'd to a Lethargy.
All Drown'd in Ryott, and supine Security
Nor Can the Voice of Oracles, their Great
Cassandra wake em, Th' unbeleiving Troy
Deaf to ye Cryes of her inspir'd Diirnity
Views your false flight as an entire Defeat
of all your sinking hopes, till their whole streets
Ring with one Voice of Universall Triumph..
Uly — Ay that's the Voice I want: How moves ye Engine
of Troys Destruction safe; that Glorious Pile of Mischeif
In whose Dark Womb Lyes the Arm'd flate of Troy.
There where an Ages Labour has been Lost,
Where Kings and Heroes, Crown'd and Lawrell'd Heads,
With all their Aiding Legions have been baffled,
When I resolve a Toy, a Wooden Horse,
A Puppett shall Destroy, and Lay proud Ilium
Heap'd in one funerall pile.
Neo — Already, Sir,
The Trojans Crowd to see th' amazeing Pageant.
Ulys — Let em Gaze on — oh, I have ye rarest manager
To move this Great Machine. a shineing Villain;
A burnisht front of Brass! he has a Tongue
That Can out flawn a hungry Parasite, Cringing
For a Court office: Heel outly Hypocrasy
Out swear a Harlott when she Vows fidelity.
Then heel outwrap Cay there's his Masterpiece!
A young Expectant Widdow at her Old
Departing Useress, Deathbed side, Just sealing her
His sole Executrex.
King — Nay hold Ulysses,
It Looks a Little Ominous to my Cause
T'have this black Hand its Champion: Is a Villain
And such a Villain, thinks thou, a fitt Instrument
To Consummate my finishing stroke of Justice
And right the Wrongs of Kings.
Ulys — Ay, nothing Like him
His Villany, tis that which recommends him.

Makes him a Tool for Service — Markt by that
Distinguishing Desert, the Royall Engine
For Troys Destruction — Villany!
'Tis the Essentiall Compound of his Glory.
A Branded Theif Setts up an honest Hangman,
States Cannot Live without em, Empire wants em
Nature makes Nought in Vain, Vipers and Toads
Have their Internall Virtue, Balms, and Medecines
Are Drawn from Druggs and Poysons -

Enter Phorbus

Kin — Honest Phorbus
I sent thee Spy to Troy; and thou returnst
With Transport in thy Looks — Say, what Discovery.
Phor — All Sir, your Hopes Can wish.
King — Give it a Tongue,
And Bless me with ye Sound.
Phor — By my false Face of Friendship
I Joynd the Gaping Fools, that all amaz'd
On the tall Oaken Syded Monster Gaz'd.
Beneath the Wooden Prodigy appears
Yo^r Sinon, bound in Chains, and bathd in Tears,
Whilst this Sad object their Compassion Draws
And their Kind Pitty asks the Mournfull Cause;
He told that Story of his Barbarous Bands
Tyed by the Tyrant Greeks in Humane Hands,
In those Sad Accents, Every Piteous Sound
So softly Tun'd, and his Welt Eyes So Drown'd,
He Look'd and talk'd, the tale so told, so felt
Till Scarse their Hearts Less then his Eyes Coud melt,
Oh, 'tis a Glorious Villain!
Ulys — Spare his Titles
And Let his Glory speak it self.
Phor — The Tale so told, was worth a Monarchs Ear
To Priam then the tatter'd Slave they bear.
Here with that Honest face (to guild ye Hook
That Now must Catch a King) that Innocent Look
(Truth nearer to the Life no Art Coud Draw.

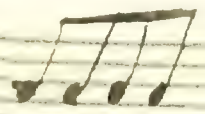
And told em, how that wondrous Pile they saw
Not only Built by ye Divine Commands,
But e'en the work of the Celestial Hands,
The Pledge of an Eternall peace Design'd
By the Retiring Greeks was Left behind;
No more the Trojan Foes, their Sword all Death
Ale Calm the Air, and nought but Friendship Breath,
In Short, true Sinon all, he talk'd so well,
Till Each false sound Created forth an Oracle;
Not the Crowd only but Crown'd Heads Deceiv'd
Courts, Councills, Politicians, all Believ'd.
Oh Faith; Strong Faith: what Captives dost thou make
When Statesmen are not Wits, and Kings but men.
Ulyss— Now, where's the Hand too Black to right a King
Thor— 'Twas then resolv'd, with alcy^e Songs of Joy.
To have it Drawn within ye Gates of Troy,
Without one Jealous pang, Not the Least Fears
Of the Arm'd Iron Entrayls that it Bears
But the Humble Anchor of the City Gate
Too Low for Pageants of that mountain Height.
Their Headlong Frenzy a new Consult Calls.
Resolv'd they'll give it Entrance thro ye Walls.
Ulyss— Now Hate begins to work.
Thor— Hard Cords, Wheels, Engines,
All that Strength, Wit, or Art Cou'd ere Designe,
Were strait prepar'd to move the Vast machine,
And there whole Crowds their Thousand Hands Employ
With more Destruction than ye Walls of Troy,
Then all your Ten Years battring Rams they make
The Nerve of Flint and Veins of marble Shake,
Already they have made a Breach so Wide—
Ulyss— To Let in their Confusion.
Ixi— Yes Ulysses,
Now Dawns the morning of my Rising Glory
Revenge, now Great Revenge, Greets my Keen Sword

To th' Adultress Helen's Cankerd Heart:
And oh, twill give me more Divine Delight
Then all the Raptures of her Bridal night,
Let Puny Whineing Husbands, Sigh and pine
Fond Fooles that only Gave themselvs a pain
What th' Adultress gives her self a pleasure
mistaken Dotage all.
The Generous Soul
Puts out Loves Fire, and with new Raptures warms,
Such Dear Revenge are thy Exalted Charms
Her Heart Before did my Fond Transports rayse;
But now her Hearts Last Drop can only please.
Thus true or false, the Syren or ye Saint
Oh Beauty, Beauty! Thou Canst Charm so well:
Thou givst us Joys bothin thy Heavn and Hele.

Exeunt

= The End of ye 1st Actt =

The End



Act 2: Scene a Palace

Enter Helen and Astianax

Hel— Why what has Paris done to thee Astianax,
That he so far falls short of Hectors Virtue!
Ast— My Father Hector was a Greater man,
Elder in Birth and Courage, and in Virtue,
Paris may fight; but cares not what's his Cause.
Hel— His Cause and Hectors, Child were both ye same.
Asti— No Madam, you are mistaken there, one was
The base Defence of a most Impious Rape:
I mean the Rape of Menelaus, not Helen:
His Love, his Honour ravish'd, not his Wife:
He found a way t'avoyd that Insolence.
Men say
He left but Little Violence on you.
Hel— You are Pleasant my young Lord.
Asti— But not pleas'd Madam.
I am old enough to know I shou'd be angry.
I tell ye, Paris had a Shameful Cause
Base and Dishonest. Hectors Great and Glorious
The just Defence of his Insulted King,
His Country and his Friend. Her Friends in Honour
Nor ask, what is your Cause, or who's your Foe?
But where. To Hector fought and Bravely Dyd.
You were indeed
The Cause he Dyd, but not ye Cause he fought for.
Hel— This must be Tutor'd all, Cassandra's Lesson.
Asti— Fair as you are, and form'd to Inflame Desire
I wou'd not be my Wicked Uncle Paris
For all the Wealth of Troy, or Charms of Helen.
Hel— Your Impious Uncle! Fye, you shou'd not say such things
Asti— You shou'd not do such things.
Hel— Who taught you this?
Ast— Why She that made my Uncle Impious. You
Who taught me this! A Little teaching Lesson.

To speak a publick Truth. Who taught me?

Hel— you are too angry Child, too bold.

Asti— Were I a man you'd find me bolder still
For then I'd punnish, when I now but Chide.

Hel— My Little Hero, thou beginst too Early.
To young an Enemy.

Ast— Were I a Prince in Power as well as Birth
I'd be your Friend, and shame you into Goodness.

Hel— How now!

Asti— Nay madam keep your Angry Looks for those
Were born your Slaves, Vile things that Crouch beneath
Keep em for Paris when he Checks your Pride
I am borne a Prince, the Godlike Hectors Son,
Heir to his Soul, which never knew to fear
Or man, or Womans frown, He scorn'd
Your Sexes Shallow Arts, and so dare I.
Can thus walk by those mighty Killing Eyes
Regardless of your Frowns or Smiles.

Enter Cassandra

Hel— Cassandra here! nay then the Riddles plain
Tis she's the Tutress to this Insolence
But I will so receive her —

Cass— Why turns the Royal Helen from my Sight
The Lost Cassandra prophecys no more:
No more of ills forseen and hatefull to your Ears,
I Come to bring you now — but if your Majesty —

Hel— If you thought Majesty my Title madam,
You would have bred your Pupil there to manners,
The Boy there has been rude.

Astia— Boy! Still the Boy! I tell thee gay Vain thing,
This Boy whom thy tall pride Disdains, wears a
Superiour Soul to thine, and Dares be Honest.

Cass— No more young Prince, thy Passion Drives too farr,
And I shou'd Chide thee now. A more Sedate
Behaviour Suits a Prince, Do so no more.

Asti— I See, and Do Confess my folly now:

An if I Durst would ask for Royale Pardon.
An other tyme my Courage may assist me. Exit

Hel— The Modesty of this Boy Confounds my Anger,
And makes me think I have Deserv'd the Throughts
Which came from his plain Judging Innocence,
Nay the, Cassandra too, wth such a friendly Check
Reprov'd his fault, that I have no Tale for her.

Cass— Oh Helen yet
Give me one Moments Gracious Hearing,
Not the bright Chrystiale Mirrour that reflects
The Early Rose of your Morning Smiles,
Your Glass shall Look you fairer then I'll speak you.

Hel— You may & Heard Cassandra.

Cass— Fair I Confess you to Divine perfection,
At your Creation sure no Less Hand als
Th' Immortall Consult Sate. —

Hel— Nay now thou playst the Flatterer.

Cass— No Madam
How can I flatter when I only speak
That truth a whole Contesting World has prov'd
Helen the Loveliest Flow'r in Natures Garden
Crop't from her Native Bed, at no Less price
Then ten years War, and Thousand Thousand lives,
Such the High prize Sem the mourning Grecian Lost
His own Just right, as fast as Holy Vows
An plighted Souls Could bind —
No Vile State Interest, no Tyrannick Powr
Of Prince or parents tyed that Sacred knot
No Blind Boys random Shot of Loose Desire.
Here Love Had Eyes and weighd ye Worth the Vows
Before th' attesting Gods.
The Sacred Solemn Vows were Registred in Heavn

Hel— O whither would the Drive.

Cassa— You Lov'd and were Belov'd: Not His alone
But Your own Joys you Crown'd. Your Days your Nights
Your Every Hour of Chaste and Lawfull Love

Ran all with sands of Gold. your mingling wishes filled
The measure up 'till Love Could heap no more.
Hel— Oh Peace of mind too well remembered.
Cass— This was a Life indeed! — think bounteous Helen
Hadst thou then Layed these Lovely Sweets in Dust
Dyed in the Bloom of Innocence and Beauty
How had thy fragrant memory built o'er
Thy Chaste mourn'd ashes such a monument
Where kneeling Virgins would have wept and prayed.
offerd their Garlands and their Vows of Love
The Pious Matrons too with thankfull praise
Had Bless'd the Gods for their fair Sexes Glory.
What Honours, Alters, Temples, Pyramides,
Mankind had rayst to such Immortale Virtue!
Hel— Oh my sick Heart!
Cassa— All this alas, far short of what remains,
The popular the empty praise of Virtue:
But oh the Bright reward, the solid Bliss
The Ever circuling Joys above, that had
In Truths fair race adorn'd thy radiant Brows
Not Cassiope's Chair nor Ariadness Crown
Had matcht the Beauteous Helen's starry Diadem,
How hadst thou shind in Heav'n! oh Virtue! Virtue!
The Lights that spangle o'er' yon Milky Way
Are all but Jemms forthy Immortal Crowns.
Hel— Where will this End!
Cass— May some kind Guardian powr in whispers tell thee
Had this fair masterpeice of their Creation
A Soul but half as beautious as her Eyes,
How hadst thou raign'd above!
But (oh fair falling star!) is it not Pity
That th' all Commanding Loveliest form on Earth
Shou'd want a Throne in Heav'n!
Hel— Hold Charming Tyrant
Hab my soft peace no more; for, oh; I feel
The Coward in my Heart, and Woman in my Eyes

Cassa— She weeps! Bless'd Heav'n, she weeps! oh ye rich worth
Of that soft falling Dewe! There is not a Pearle
Drops from those Eyes in this relenting Cause
But Hears a price might bribe th' Eternal Throne
Cherish the melting Thought. oh shake of all
Thy Earthly Load, and wing thy bounteous Soul
To bright Immortal Joys:

Enter Paris

Pari— What do I see!
My weeping Love, my Clowded Heav'n in Tears!
What Impious Insolence, what prophane Breath.
Hel— Alas my Paris, I have heard —!
Paris— That schreech owl — yes thou Curst Tormentor
I read th' ill natur'd Triumph in thy Face. —
But oh my Mourning Fair —
Cass— Oh Hellen, if the Voice of Truth has opend
Thy Darkned Eyes to ye fair Light of Heav'n,
Fly the Enchanter, Let the Fatall Charme
Lull thee to thy fond sleep of Death no more,
Guard thy Immortall Treasure! Fly, oh fly
That Dangerous Theif would rob thee of a Soul,
And steal thy Blest Eternity away.
Par— Oh thou Eternal Bar to all my Joys!
Do not provoke my too unmanly Vengance,
Take thy face hence, and thank thy Sex thou Livst.
Cassa— Band to thy Countrys Peace, Adultrous Boy;
Stain to thy Blood; from thee thou Fate of Troy,
Curs'd by thy very mother ev'n unborne,
When from her Womb she Dreamt ye Firebrand Torn
Thy Blushing Sister takes her weeping Eyes!
Not from thy Threats, but from thy shame she flyes
Pari— The Great Immortales
Made Love and its Blest Joys
Of their own Heavns a Copy Drawn so fair
That the Envying World renews ye Gyants War,
At its' bright Throne their Levels Fury flyes,
Thy Jove my fair their Wretched Rage Defyes

Down on thy Scatterd ffoes my Vengance Hurld
Arm'd in thy Cause I'll stand ye Rebel world. Exeunt

The Temple of Diana:

Within a Large Dome, are erected
five pyramides, planted in a Cemicercle,
Each Pyramide twenty ffoot High:
At the Bottome of Each pyramide
is a Pedistale five ffoot and a Half
High, on which stands ffigures.
being So many Young men and women
Drest in Cloth of Gold: as Juno Diana
Palas, Ceres, Thetis: Diana being
The Godess of the Temple in ye Centre
Dressd properly wth their Severall Regalias etc.

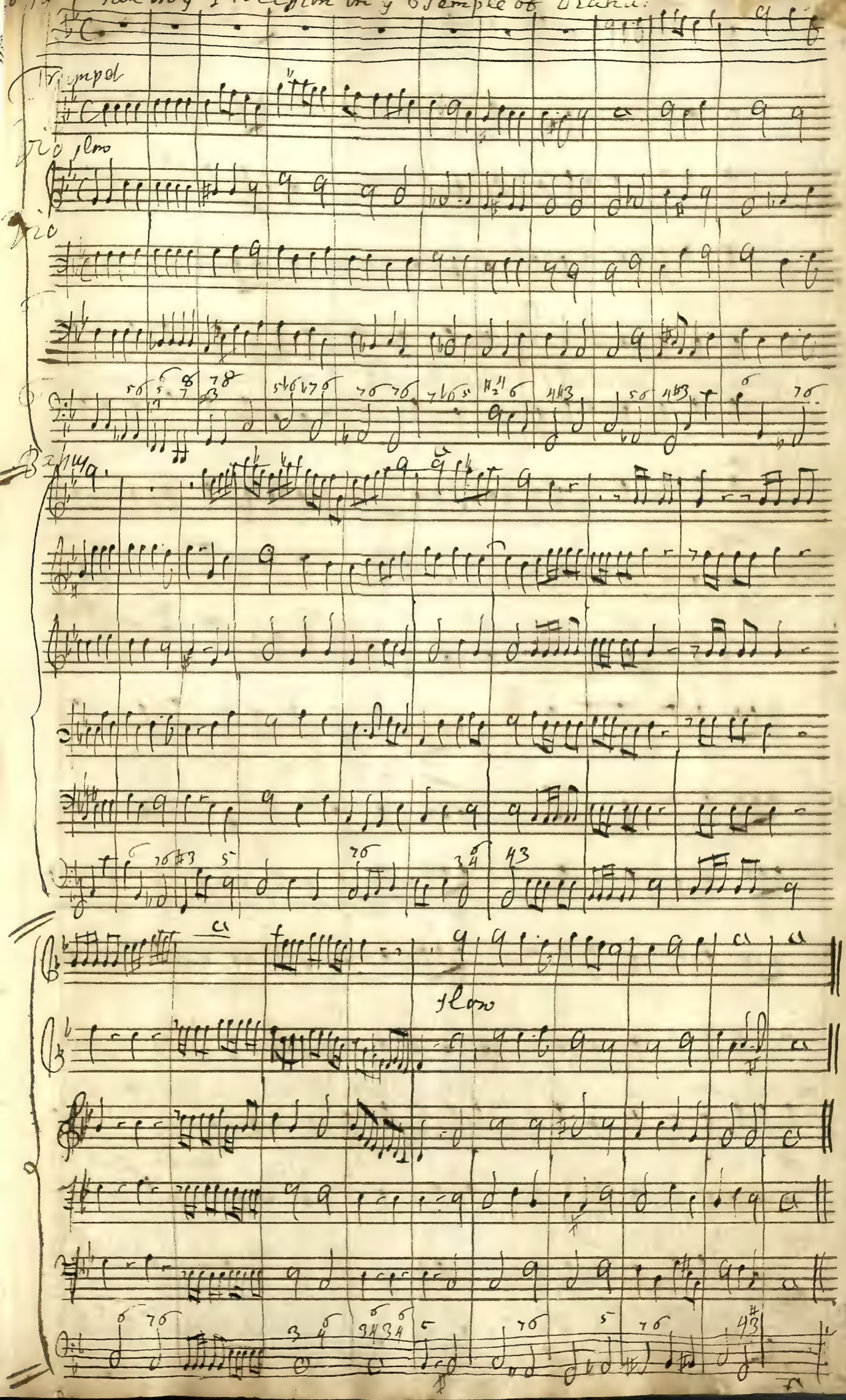
Enter a Procession of Priests and
Priestessess of Dian: to them Cassandra:

Cassa — I tell ye Priests the Gods are not appeassd
In Vain you Come to pay your Solemn Vows
At Great Diana's Shrine for Troy redeemd
How Can th' avenging Sword of Heavn be sheathd
When th' Impious Cause that pulld ye Vengance Down
Still unrepented raigns

Pries — We must not Hear the bounteous Gods profand,
If your relenting heart Can Joyn our Sacrifice
Twere well, if not you must retire:

The Vocall
Musick

Musick in ye Procession in ye Temple of Diana:



Thou Goddess all all all Celestial Bright Diana Hecate fair virgin Light

Thou Light

Thou Light

Thou Light

of all y^e Heavenly Beauties Thine the Clearest Beams & Purest shine for Oh Oh

for oh oh oh

for oh

Oh Oh Oh for oh thou Chastity divine There's spots in every

Oh oh oh thou Chastity divine There spots on every

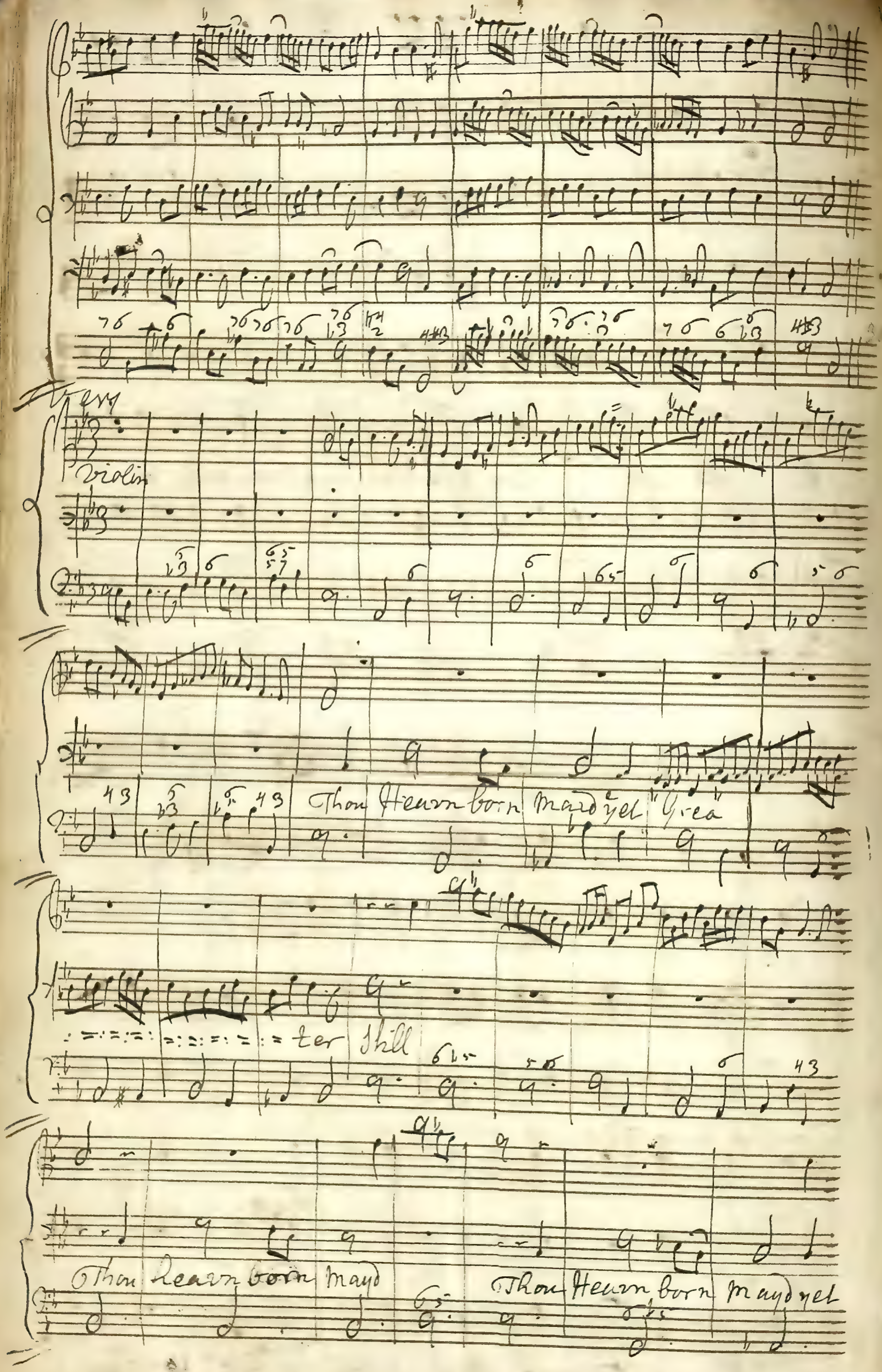
oh for There every

Oh oh for There every

Star but thine There's spots in every Star but thine

Star thine

Star thine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Thou Heavn born Mayd yet Grea
ter Still
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R.C.M. London

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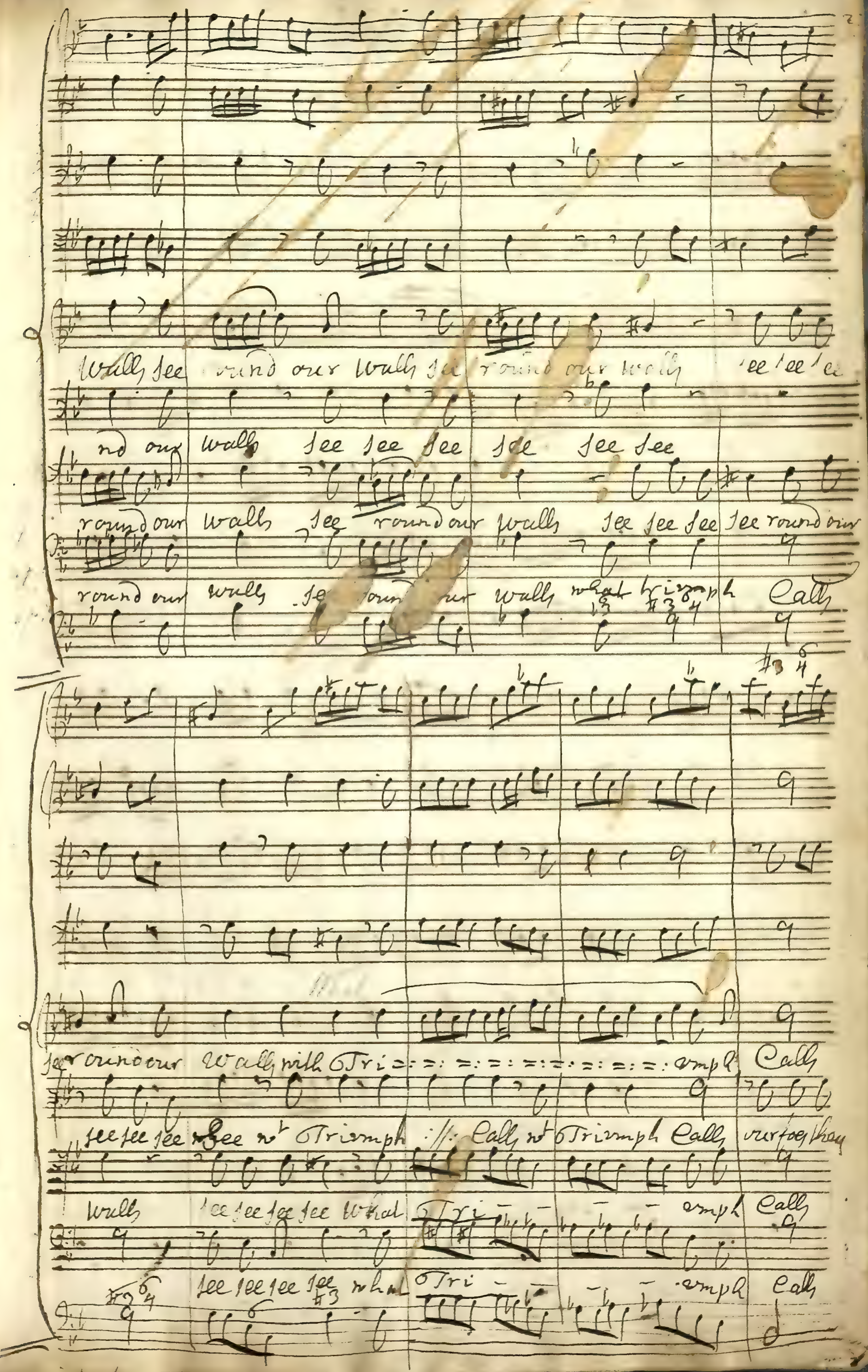
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nd our walls see see see see see see
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see see see see what Tri — — — umph calls

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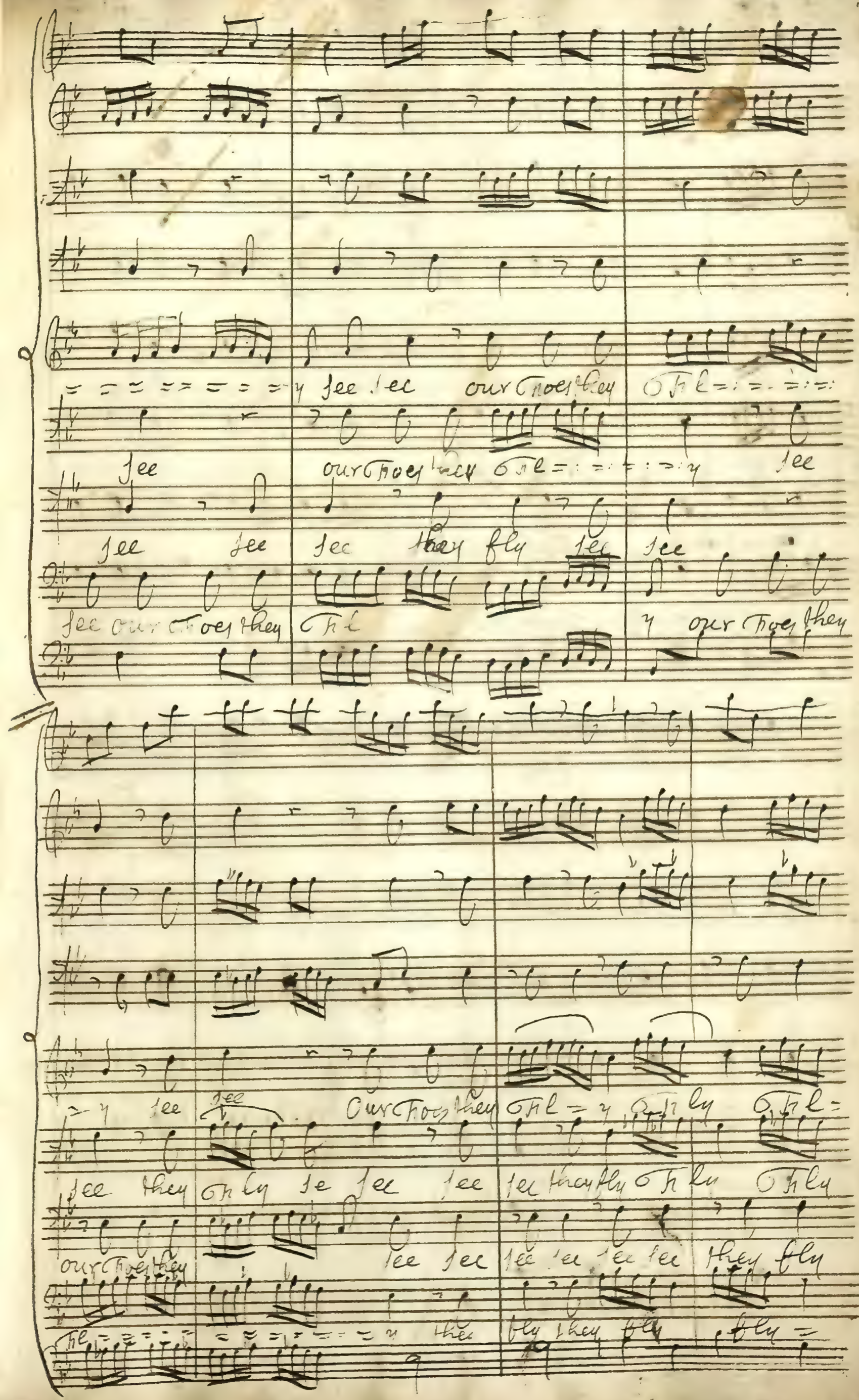
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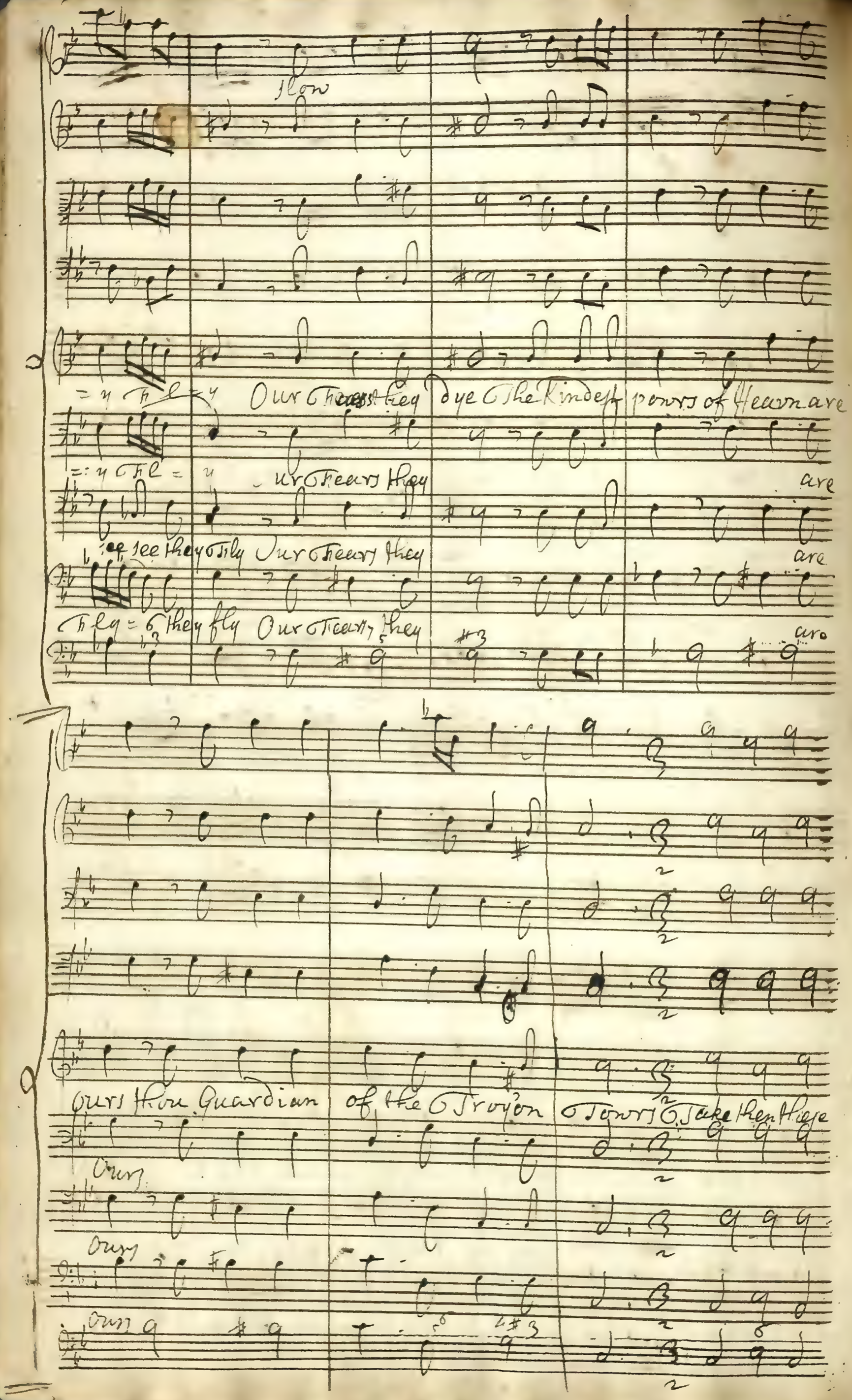
slow
Our Fears they dye The Kindest powrs of Heavn are
Our Fears they
are
see they fly Our Fears they
are
they fly Our Fears they
are
Ours thou Guardian of the Troyon Towrs Take then these
Ours
Ours
Ours

Solemne Rites We pay o The Laugh-ing Joys of Laughing

Solemne Laughing

Solemne Laughing

Solemne Laugh-ing Joys the

Joys o The Laugh-ing Joy of this great Day In smiles we

on of this Great Day of this great Day In smiles we

Laugh-ing Joy of this great Day of this great Day In smiles we

Laugh-ing Joy of this great Day of this great Day In smiles we

thanke listen to my tears we pray smile we thanke

thanke

thanke

thanke

When tis in Tea rs We pray

When Pray

When Pray

When Pray

Cassa — Now hear my Vows and Let Heavn Judge between us
Thou great Diana whose pale Borrow'd Beams
In Absence of the Glorious Son afford
A Lesser Day till Day himself returne
Oh now so guide us in this Dark Condition
Inform our weak short sighted Thoughts, if yet
This Doubtfull Dawn of Peace Suppos'd, be Peace
Indeed; or is it Night with Troy for Ever
If Troy Impregnable stands fixt and sure,
Let me be Dumb, and prophecy no more
But if the Will of Heavn its Doom Decree
And Heavn has spoke that will resolv'd by me
Let now some Sudden portent from above
Cassandras Frenzy or your Vengance prove:
Here it Thunders, and Immediately in
a Moment all the Golden Statues of the
Goddesses are Changd from Head to foot in black:

Cassa — Now Unbelieving Trojans, since your Ears
Have been so Deaf to all my Cries from Heavn,
Believe the Gods themselves will their own Voice
Of Thunder, and these Dreadfull sights Convince

Pri — What sights!

Cass — Their Very Statues all transform'd
In Desmal Sable, shrow'd their Glorious Heavn
And seem to mourn the Headlong Fate of Troy,

Prie — Madam, twoud ill become our Holy Function
T'insult what is not yours but Nature's Fault,
This Prophanation else woud be Enough
To make those very Images, if possible
Blusht thro' their burnisht Gold. In pity therefore
To your Unhappy Frenzy we retire. Exeunt Priests

Cass — Nay now tis plain;
The Lourling Destinys and angry Gods
Are only Visible to these poor Eyes
And walk in Clouds to all ye Word beside,
Why was I borne to bear this painfull Load,
To know, foresee and speak your Dreadfull Will,
With this hard Curse, onely to preach your Oracles
To an Unlistning World: oh strike me ever Dumb
Or Lend that World an Ear, and why, oh why

For the offence of one must all Troy perish,
My Impious Brothers Crimes alone involve
A nations Head in undistinguisht Slaughter!
My Aged Father too! my numerous Brothers
Part of my Life, and Dearer than my own
Must they all Dye! is there no Expiation!
Has the whole ransackt world not one rich Sacrifice
To Court your Heavns and Seale a Peace of Troy
Tis Don, my Prayers are heard; my Hearts inspird,
And Dances with Unusuale Bounds of Joy, 'tis so
My Brain Divines: the Goddess Comes and See,
The Silver Beams of Descending Glory
Dart through the Roof of the Illumind Dome
The Languid Tapers lose their Sacred Light,
The Jemms, the Riares of the Holy Shrine
All Lost in a Superiour Lustre. Ha! 'tis she,
The fair Chaste Deity her self: the Immortale presence
Strikes my Weak Sence, and bends me to the Earth.

Diana Descends in a Chariot

Dia— Look up Cassandra,
A Virgins Prayer can call Down Heavn to hear her.
Thy Heavy plants have mov'd the Pittying Gods
To moderate tho' not revoke thy Sentance.
My Brothers Doom against thee stands irrevocable,
Thou must speak Truth, but never be beleivd.
Though yet in Fate remains one onely way
To save this Destind Troy from Flames and Ruine
Of which in Pity to thy Labouring Pangs
Diana Warns thee now. There's yet one Expiation
One Sacrifice will yet attone ye Gods
Cass— Oh speak Celestiale Mayd, name, name ye Victim
And Crown it with a thousand flowry Garlands
Dia— Hear then whats fixt in Fate, and ask no more
If a fair Virgin borne of Royal Race
Shall Like a Second Iphigenia Yeild
Her pious Breast up to the Grecian Swords
And falls their Reading Victim. then that Single
Atonement shall appease the Wrath of Heavn
Reverse the Doom of Troy. But if refus'd
Troys Doom is Seald for Ever:

2d Act

Act ye 3d. Scene ye Flatt Pallace:
Enter Cassandra, Astianax, Selena
Acester:

Ast— Methinks Dear Aunt, there's an Unusual Smile
Sits on your Cheeks I never saw before!
Cassa— No sweet Astianax?
Asti— From what Strange Cause,
Are all these Looks of Joy
Cass— I Prethee Do not ask it.
Ast— Why!
Cass— Perhaps tis more —
Asti— Then you dare trust me with. Is this young Breast
Too weak a Cabinett, or too unworthy!
Cass— Say not so, Astianax
Asti— I must think so,
When you have Joys you Can Conceal from me,
Besides to go abroad at this Late hour,
And neither tell me where, nor take me with you
Is so unkind —
Cass— Alas my sweet Axtianax,
I am going to performe an Evening Sacrifice
T'appease the Gods, and stop ye Fate of Troy.
Asti— Nay take me with you then: I can pray too
Young tho' I am I know there is a High Heavn
The Powers that Light the Day and rule ye World.
And taught by you, my Knees Can bend Like Yours
Do, take me with you then.
Cass— No more Astianax, you press too farr
Asti— Nay then I'll ask no more.
Cass— Here good Acestes, and the Kind Selena,
For your Long Faithfull Services, I'll trust you
With this Rich Jewell, the best wealth of Troy,
Here take him to your Care, protect him, Cherish him,
Guard him more Dearly than your Lives.
Asti— Hold Madam
You are not taking sure so Long a Journey
That you need leave so strict a Charge behind ye.
What need they Cherish me when I have you
My Kind Protectress

Aces — If those faithfull Services
You are pleas'd to find in us, Deserve this Favour
Let me once more upon my bended knees
Implore that suit you have so Long Denyed me.
I Love the fair Selena, and I think
She hates not me: oh give her to my Arms
And Crown our Nuptiale Joys:

Cass — I must Confess
That suit I have Long Denyed thee, but beleeve me
It was my Love Denyed thee. This Dear Favourite
I prize too high to Lose.

Aces — Would she be Lost
Were she made mine? no, that woud rather bind us
If possible, more Zealous to your Service
The Crowing of your Loves woud Cheer our Duty,
No knee too Low to bend to such a Mrs.

Cass — Acestes, no; when thine, she's mine no more.
Nought but a Virgin Train attends Cassandra.
However to reward your faithfull Loves,
Wait but the Hour till I am Call'd to Heav'n
Then take the Little Wealth I Leave behind me
A Dowry with her Love, and Seale her Thine.

Sele — O Lett me Kiss the Earth on which you tread
To pay my thanks to so Divine a Goodness.

Aces — Must my slow Joys wait till she's Call'd to Heav'n
She's half there already: Some kind mercury
Post Down and fetch the other Half.

Cass — Here Selena,
Take thy young Charge once more. But when I
Give him thee
Let me bequeath him with one parting Kiss
And one soft falling tear.

Asti — This is too kind.

Cass — Good night, my sweet Axtianax. —
Oh 'tis a Long, Long Night — A night? Ah, no
A Long Imortal Day — yes Great Diana,
Tis there I go to shine in Endless Joy,
An orient Light to Guild the Crown of Troy.
But oh that Angel Innocence, Charme
That Draws me back to Earth! A Long Farewell.

For one Look more Let my weak Eyes Turn back
I must Look down from Heavn ye next I take.

Exeunt

The Grecian Camp: Enter at one Door
Thorbus at ye Head of a Party of Guard
as a Night Watch. Enter at ye other Ulysses

Thor— Stand, who Comes there.
Ulys— A Friend!
Thor— My Lord Ulysses?
Ulys— Thorbus!
How hast thou past the Night!
Lor— Its Vigilance
And Zeal Should pass it, Sir, Thus nobly guarded
The Guards of Sleeping Majesty.
Ulys— Sleeping Majesty!
Does the Immortall Jove Sleep o'er his Scepe of Thunder
Is this a Sleeping time for a Crown head
So near his finish'd Vengeance when before
The Sands of one more Midnight Glass is run,
Troys Head shall Shine wrapt round wth Grecian Fire.
But see the King.

Enter Menelaus

Kin— Oh my Best Friend and Champion
How am I Charm'd to Heark thy Glorious Councels
Have Drawn so nigh their Executive Blow
when wild Ambition strikes wth ye Arme of Fate
The Dire Destroyer sure some City takes
& the two Barbarous Streaming Wounds he makes
But when revenge burns, Massacres, Destroys
It gives me raptures, mine are Bridegrooms Joys
Ulys— Yes Sir the Glorious Hymenial Night Draws on
when Troys bright ruine, and your Brighter Vengance
Joyn in one Blazing Nuptial Fire— before
The morning Star viss twice —
King— Troy falls for ever.

Enter Neoptolemus

Neop— Great Sir your Guards have seiz'd a Trojan Spy
A Female Wanderer, Stole by the Covert
And Shrowd of Night. Kin to your Royall Font
Her Name the world Conceal, but her known Face

Speaks her the Virgin Prophetess of Troy

King — The fair Cassandra! Bring her to our Presence
That Divine may'd, she whose Ev'n single Virtue
Bears that Immortal price, Enough if Possible,
T'attone the Guilt of Troy, and save her Sinking!
Is she the spye so near us:

Enter Cassandra Guarded

Royall Virgin
This Treacherous Visit at ye Midnight Hour
Is it an office worthy of ye Veins,
Or Virtue of Cassandra!

Cass — Worthy Both.
To Sheild a ffather, and Betray a ffoe
And save a bleeding Country, is an office
Worthy the Veins of Gods: and tis ye Glory
Of Priams Daughter, that this mighty work
She has this Night perform'd ~~it~~!

Ulyss — Hast thou perform'd it!

Cassa — Beyond my Very wish. Thy Plots Great Statsman,
Thy Arts, thy Engines now Lye all before me.
Whether by Troyes protecting Genius Led
Or what Diviner Guide, I have penetrated
In't all thy Dark Cabals, the whole false face of Peace
Your feign'd retreat, and your returning fury,
But oh, I fly, Dear Troy, thy blest Deliverer.
Nor think the Infidell world shall now be Deaf
To the unbelieve'd Cassandra — No, I'll preach Heav'n no more
I'll give them Earthly Reasons, Demonstration,
Proof, ocular proof. I'll Court their Ears no more
But give their Eyes my Oracles.

King — Hold Cassandra;
Thy Transport runs too farr. Thou singst thy Triumph
Before thou hast half Conquer'd — Dost thou not know
Thy Life is in my Hands.

Ulys — A Life so forfeited!
A Spye, a Midnight Theif! that Abject thing!
That Honour, Justice, the whole Law of Arms
Has not Ev'n one poore single beam of mercy
To save thee from thy ffate.

Kin— Knowst thou all this
Yet talkst with such an Emphasis.

Cassa— I know
My Life is in thy power. This Dangerous Spy'd,
A Grave indeed may Hush. But if I live
Troy Lives: her Guarded Safety, Shielded Glory,
Yea King thy Cast'd hopes, Discovered mines,
And all thy Whole Defeated Vengance.

King— Now I Can hear no more — Begon — away with her —
Yet Rob officious Slaves.

Ulys— How Sir?

King— Where am I going!

Ulys— To Punnish Treason, Check insulting Insolence
And do a Noble Justice to your Self
And all mankind.

King— Ah no Ulysses;
What will ye World say of me!

Uly— Say Sir!

King— When Shall I Dip my too unmanly Vengance
In a poor Virgins Blood stain'd with that Crimson;
Those Veins, those Virtues, that all Angels Piety
My too Ignoble Sacrifice!

Cassa— Oh King,
I read a melting Pity in thy Eyes,
And thou wilt bid me Live — Thou Generous Enemy,
In Gratitude for such a Gift as Life,
I'll pay thee back my Thanks in thy — Confusion.
Yes my Dear Troy, tis not a Bribe of Life
Nor Love of Mercy that can Draw me off
From thy protection, and thy Sons Destruction —
No King Rither I Came Thy Sworne Destroyer,
And must return without one Thinking Nerve
And in the Great Cause that Brought me Troys Bright Head

Kin— By all my Glories, this illustrious Bravery,
Thy Dauntless Courage, and Unshaken Loyalty,
Have left their Savior in my Darted Eyes,
Than all my Charms of Vengance Troy in Flames
Nor Dying Helens Groans, not Half ye Musick
Of such all Charming Virtue — Hasts, away with her.

Ulys— Yes Slaves to Death, to Death.

King— Go Back Ulysses,
To Liberty and Life.
Ulys— What Says ye King!
Kin— What a Kings Honour Says. Take this fair Charge
And Guard her as you would your Darling Lives,
Back to her Troy, safe to her Fathers Arms.
Ulys— Oh Sir, what Cline Infatuation reigns,
To Left such Danger Lives.
Kin— By all thy Fears
The Lives, and Lives Immortall.
Ulys— Oh Consider—
To Save that Life—
Kin— Be thou thy Self her Judge,
What has She Done that Can Deserve to Dye.
She Lovs her Country, Hates her Enemys.
Would Save a Father, Guard her Native Kingdome,
As thou and I, and all Great Souls would Do,
Oh Statesman! Statesman! view thy poore humble Coins
But to one spark of such True Glory borne,
How wouldst thou Copy that Divine originall.
Ulysses— Oh Sir, you wander from your Darling Safety.
Death's a fate too kind
Immurd in Chains, Securd in Shades and Darkness.
Kin— Her Chains, Vile Chains! Nor Graves nor Seas Barbarian

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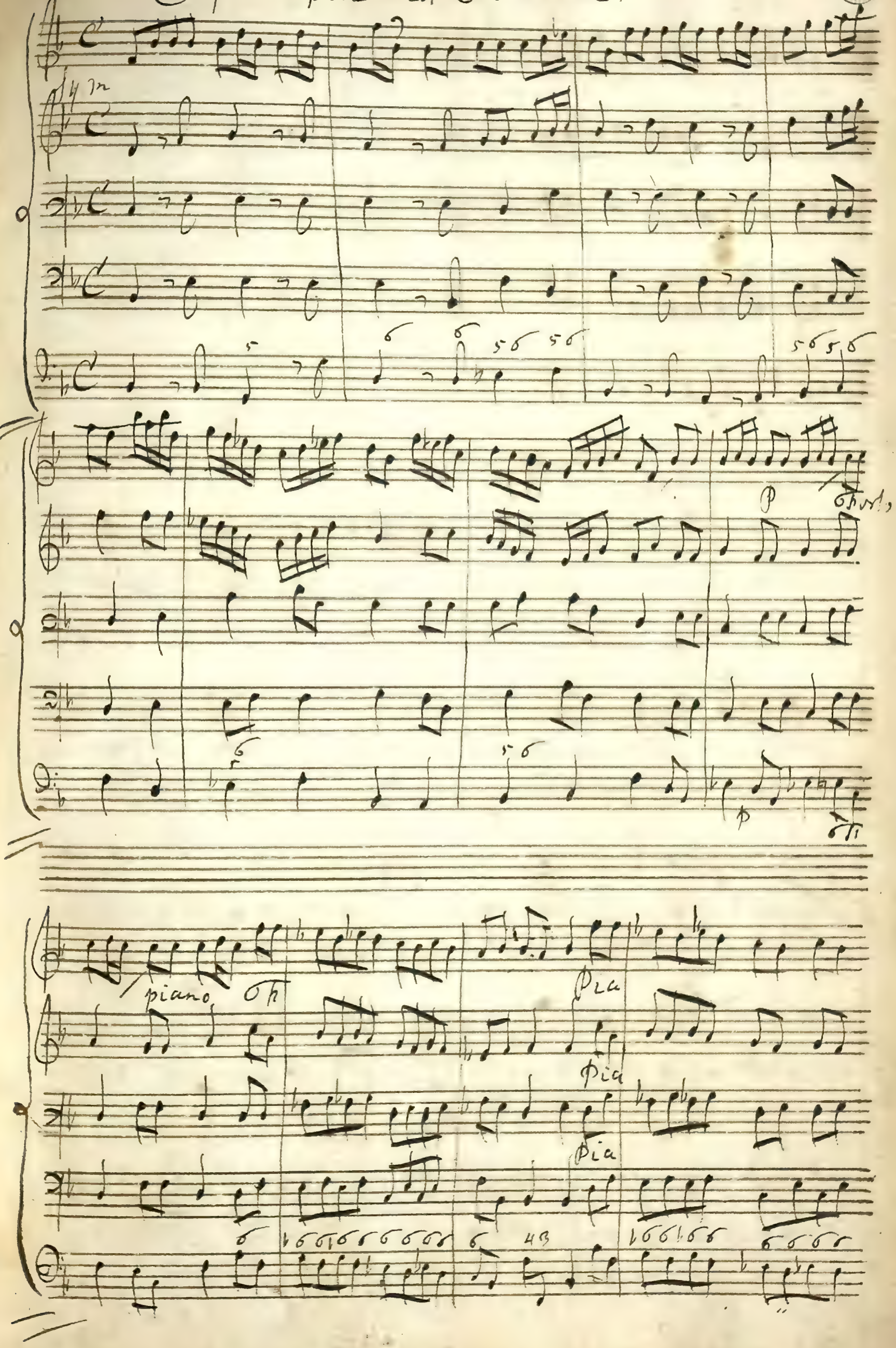
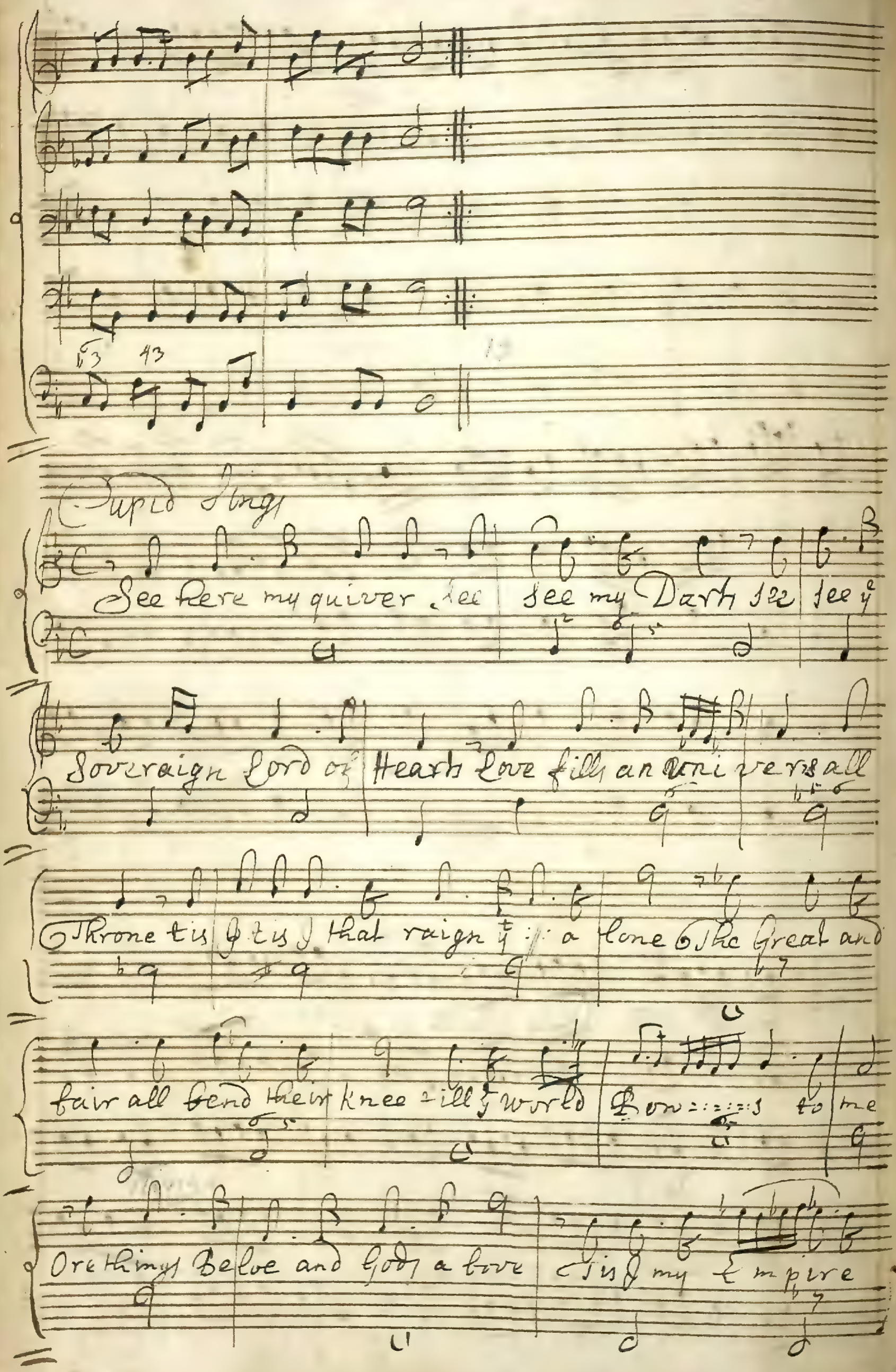
R.C.M. London

Bd # 4

Cupid upon his Throne.




Cupid Sings
See here my quiver see see my Darts see see ye
Soveraign Lord of Hearts Love fills an uni vers all
Throne tis tis that raign ye a lone The Great and
fair all bend their knee till world Bow s to me
Ore things Beloe and Gods above Tis my Empire

Boast Twas I that dubd Almighty Jove ye First Great

Knight of the Toast Tis I make

war tis peace I signe the Tyes of Hands and Hearts are mine I

rouse the Hero give the alarme Tis I that call to Arms to Arms but

when ye Nymphs in Triumph led O then I call to Bed to Bed

nor wonder that a pony so strong my bloo ming years en-

joy the God of Witt is always young and Love Love and Love thm

mortall Boy ~~the God of~~

Simplicio:

Primo

Cho

R.C.M. London

To love well sing great Love to ye all Humaine Race must tend as

To

To

To

Knee Love does ye Whole creation move and all mankind ye Work of Love ye

Knee

Great ye fair ye Rich and poor Love Natures Lord must all adore Let

Great

Let

Jove ye Worlds proud Septer sway Love finds him Subjects to Obey

Jove

Jove

Jove

Act y 4th:

The Scene a Prospect of the Town of Troy being Seen in Prospective through a Magnificent Structure, being a Circular Piece of Painting in y manner of a Large Portico through which y Town is Seen ✝ ✝ ✝ ✝ ✝ ✝

Enter Paris

Paris— Why does Love Cool, and Long Enjoyment fire
Whilst a full Glutt of Joys puts out y fire?
Love in my Breast knows no such poor Decay
Warm as the Spring, in it's high noon, still Gay,
My Ten years' Bliss, makes but one Nuptiall Day

Enter Cassandra

Cass— If Troy must Burn, before it's Blazing Funerall
I'll ring one Last, tho, almost Tuspelas Larum Bell
To him whose Fatale Hand must Light y Fire brand.
Par— Is that Eternall Torment neare?
Cass— Yes, Paris, Close as thy Dark Fate I follow thee.
Par— Wert thou then born to Haunt me?! Let me ask
But reason of thee, why am I singled out,
To hear thy persecuting Follies!
Why, when the whole world Laughs at thy mad Fables
Dost thou Hope Faith from me?
Cass— Thou and that word
That will not hear my Oracles, shall Feel 'em
For if there's Truth in Heaven —
Par— Fye. Cassandra;
Still the old Frenzy! nothing but Heaven
Rapt up in Starrs and Skies! for shame no more ont-
Cassa— Thou Foolish Infidell! Thinkst thou I pay
No Greater Reverence, or so Little Fear
To the Immortal Powrs, to Jest with their Divinity
Par All noise and Empty Sounds; the Chattering
of Daws and Parrots

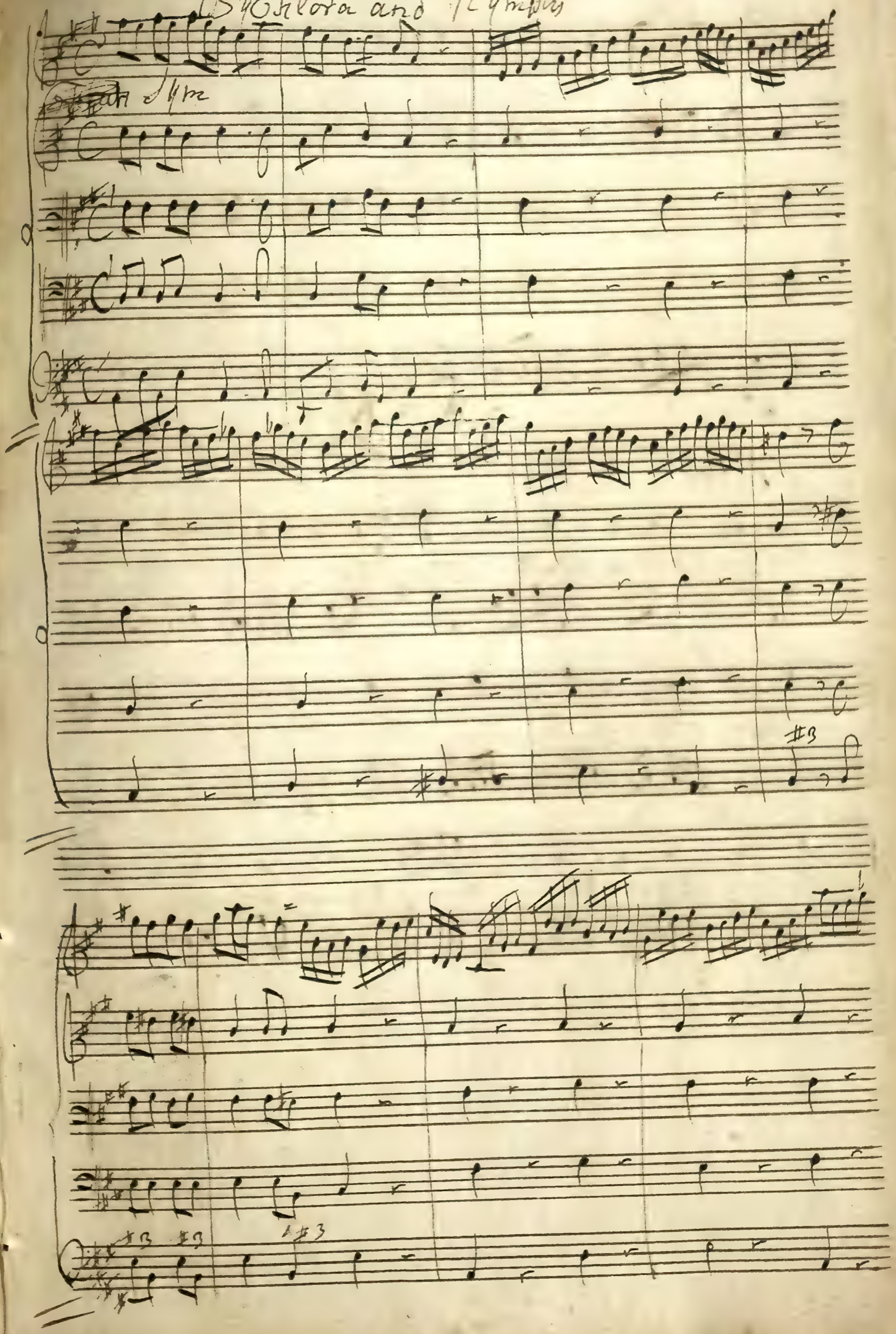
Cass— How bold Blasphemer! then tis time to right
The Injur'd Gods, and give thy Dazled Eyes
A Proof of that Dwinity thou prophanst.
Par— That were a Sight indeed.
Cass— Look then all round thee.
Seest thou those Towers the proud arch't Roofs of Troy
And those tall spires that almost kiss ye Clouds?
Seest thou all this?
Paris— See what? The Town of Troy?
Towrs and Stone walls? if this be ye Dwinity
I see no Danger of being ere much Dazled.
Cass— Those proud Towrs
Your whole Foundation, I Command ye Vanish
And in your Vacant seats the whole Transplanted
Hesperian Garden fill the walls of Troy.
Cassandra waves her Wand, and in a moment
The whole Painting representing Troy
are snatcht away, and a Garden with
Fountains, Arbours, Golden Fruit &c.
fill up the whole Scene ~~~~

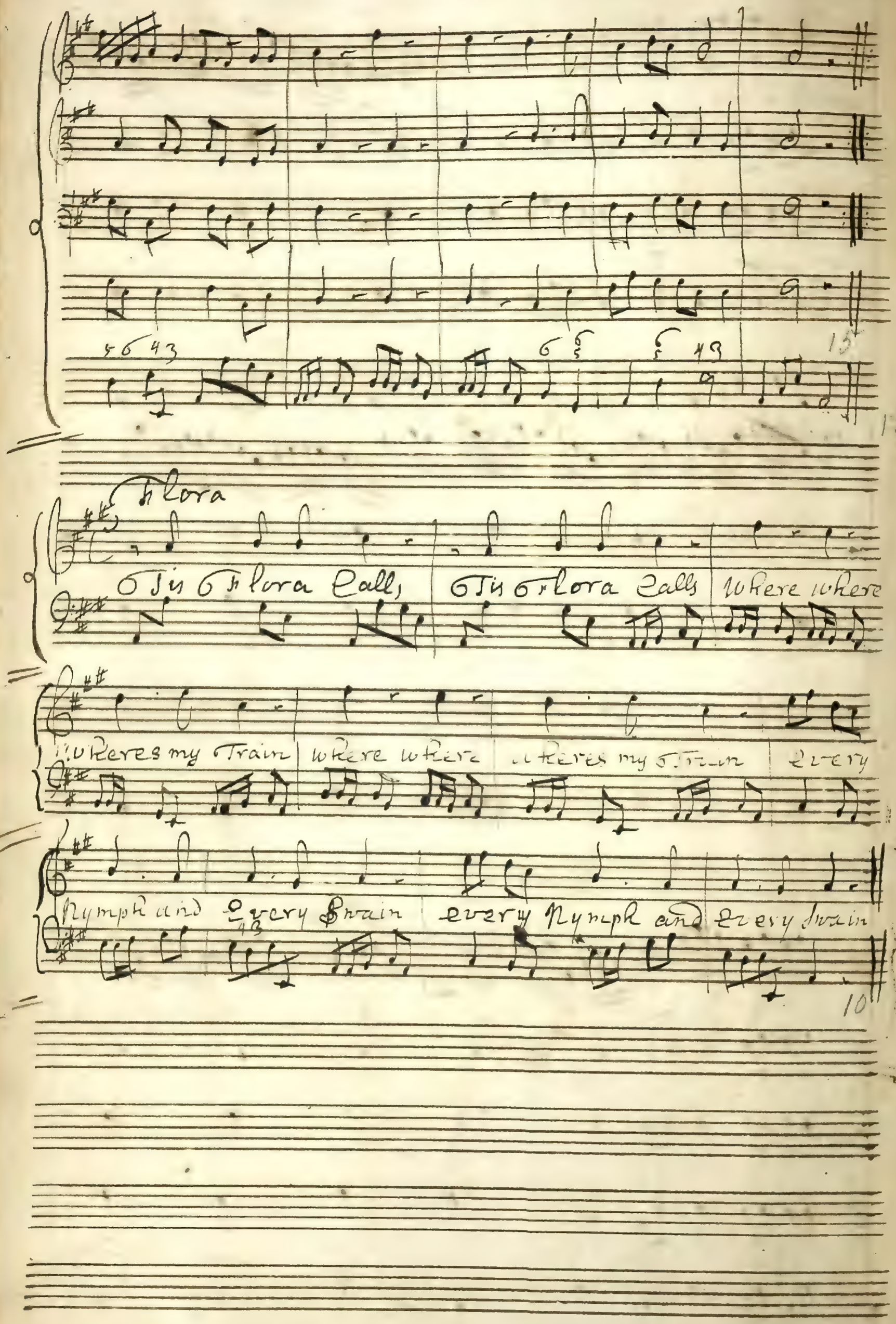
Cass— To make my Heavnly Pow'r yet fairer Shine
Appear my Airy Train in Forms Divine.
Bring Down a Choir of musick from your spheres
And with New Wonders strike his Startled Ears.

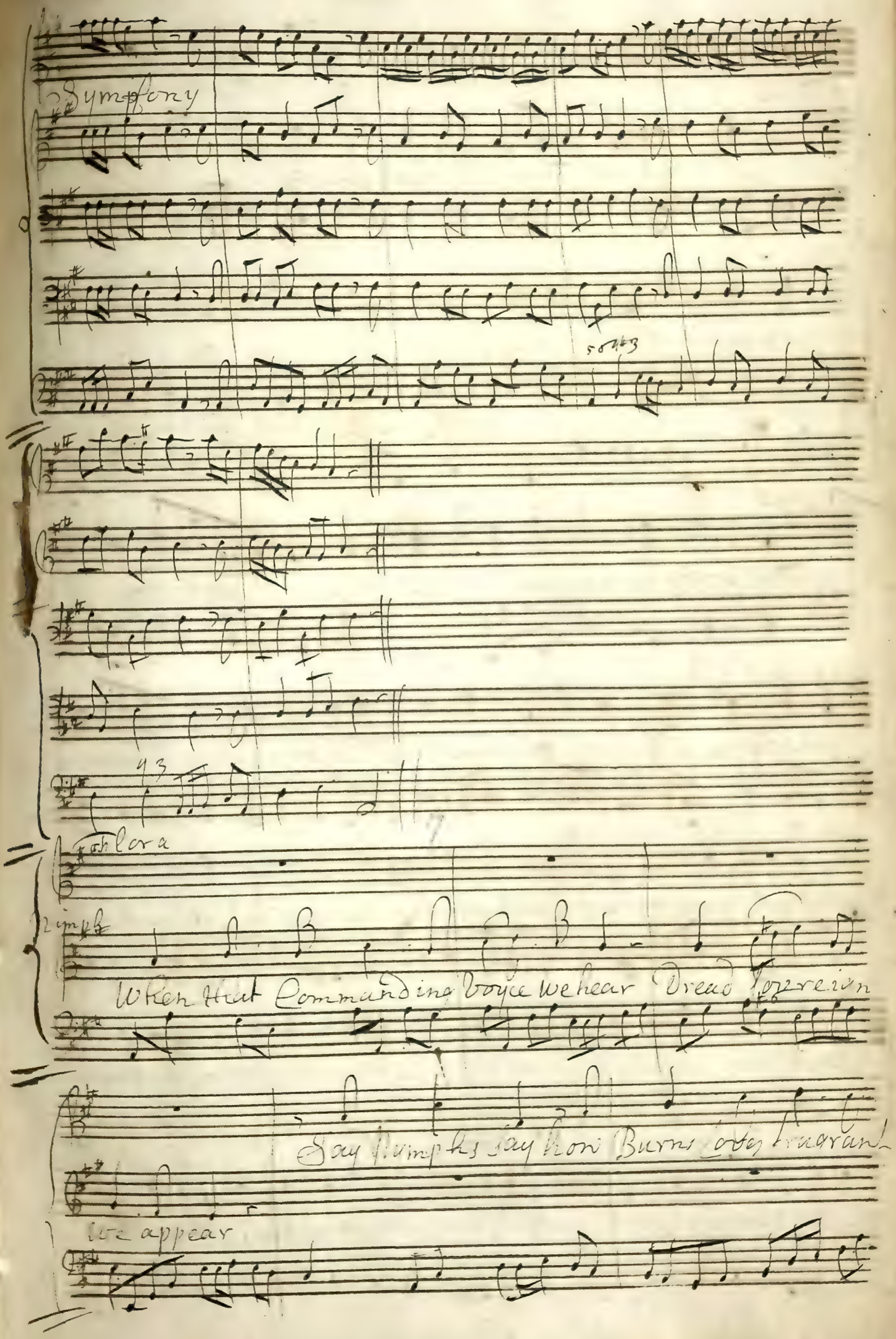
Flora Enters and her Nymphs,
Who perform a Dance, and a
Piece of Vocale musick to Paris

4th Act

By Flora and Nymphs




Flora
Tis Flora Calls, Tis Flora Calls where where
wheres my Train where where wheres my Train every
Nymph and every Swain every Nymph and every Swain


Symphony
Flora
Nymph
When that Commanding voyce we hear Dread Sovereign
Say Nymphs say how Burns loves fragrant
We appear

ist

Fire

Where Forst that

All Nuptiall Truth all chast desires

Truth and Vertue dwells

Not in proud Courts but humble Cells

13

Nimph

The Woods the Plains ye Bowr the Grove the Sce=:=:=:=ns of

Innocence and Love Tis here in Endless Bliss We reign Love plea=:=:sure

all wthout ye plain We fear no Starting Dreams nor dread The Bolts hang ore th'ad

=ulteress head We keep ye Tyrant Conscience Under ye Gods we fear but not their

Thunder Degenerate World what art thou grown when thus ye Cott can shame ye

Thron shame shame shame ye blushing Throne shame shame

shame ye blushing Throne

Cho of Nymphs

We keep ye Tyrant Conscience under the Gods we fear but not their Thunder De

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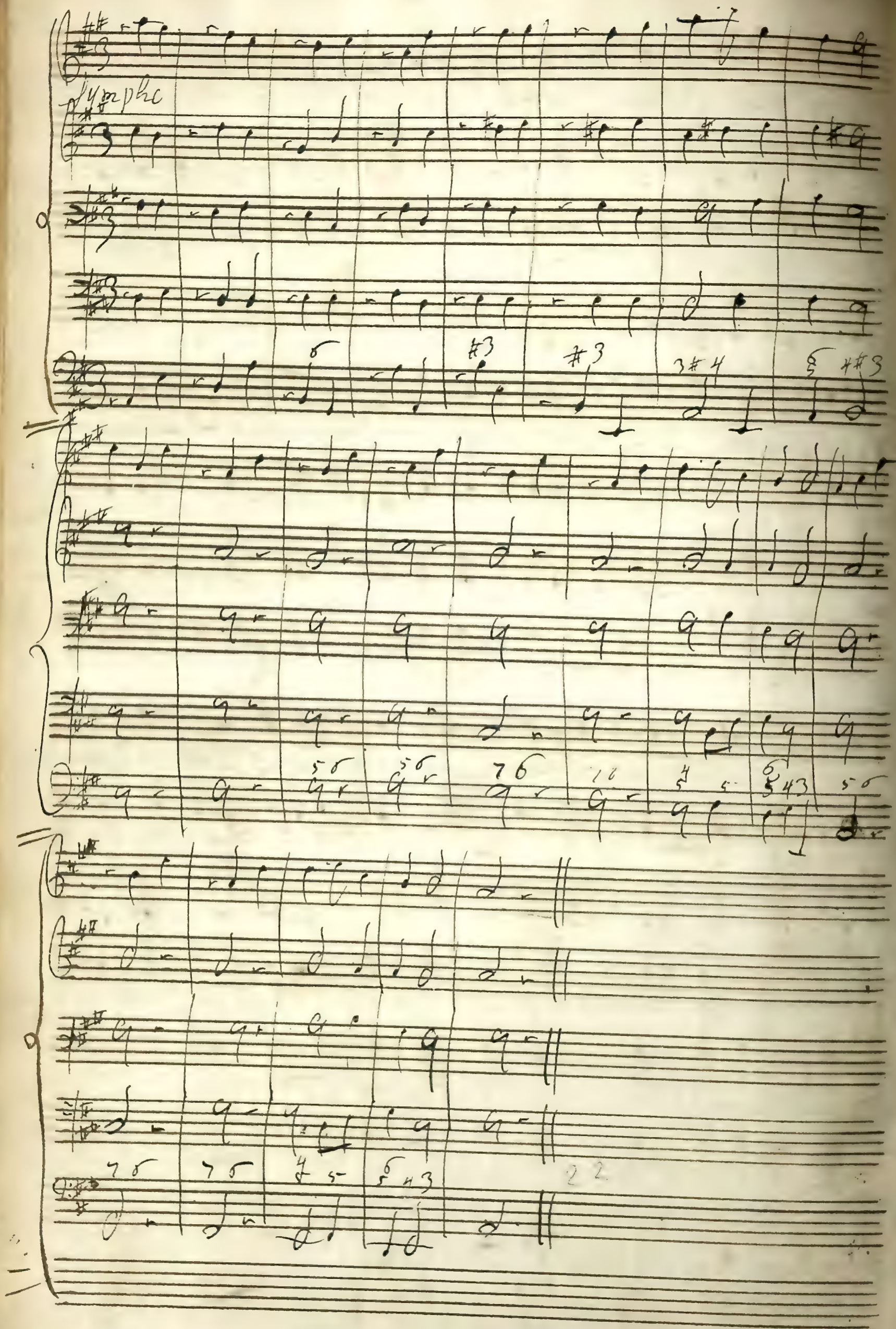
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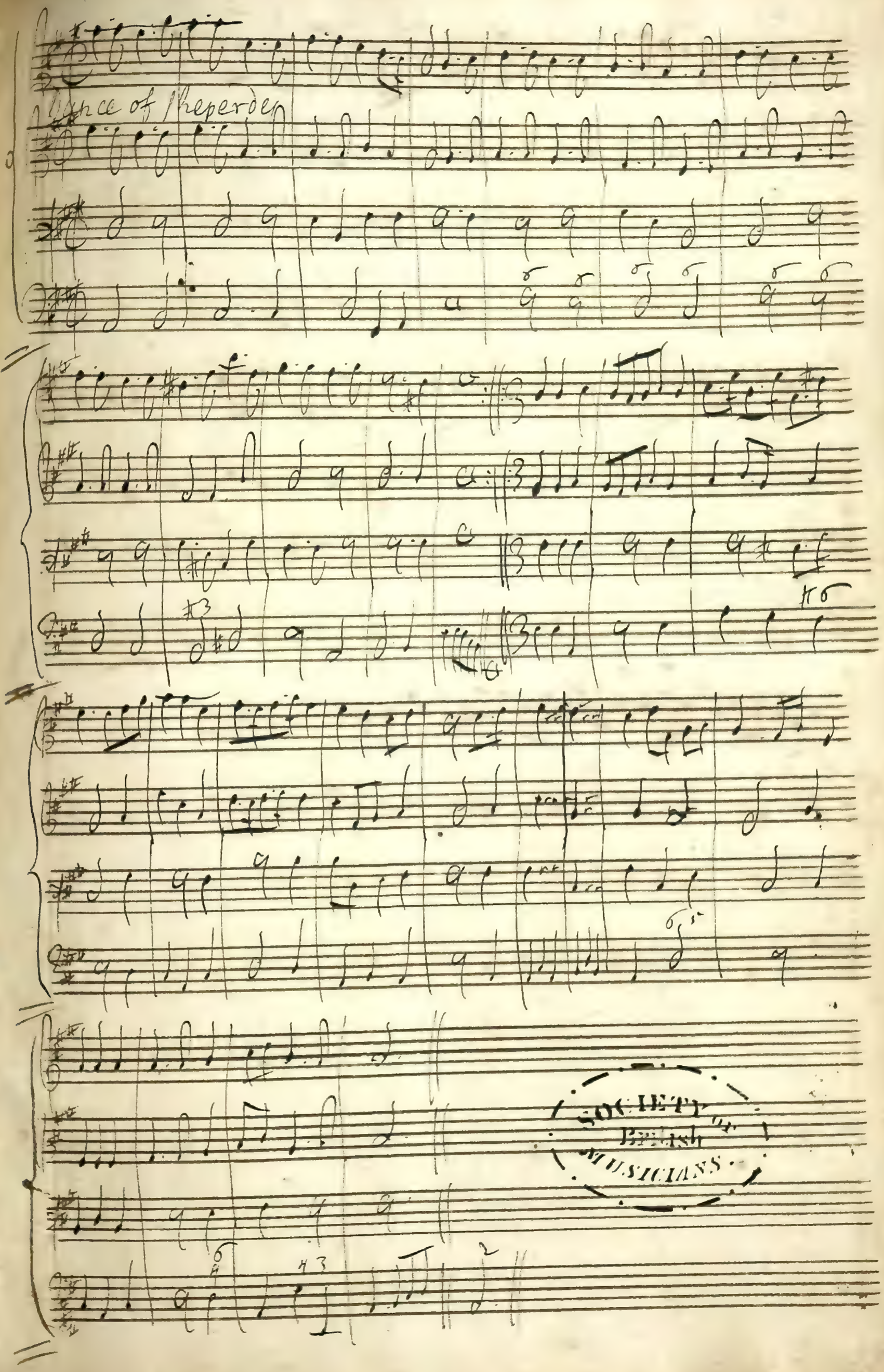
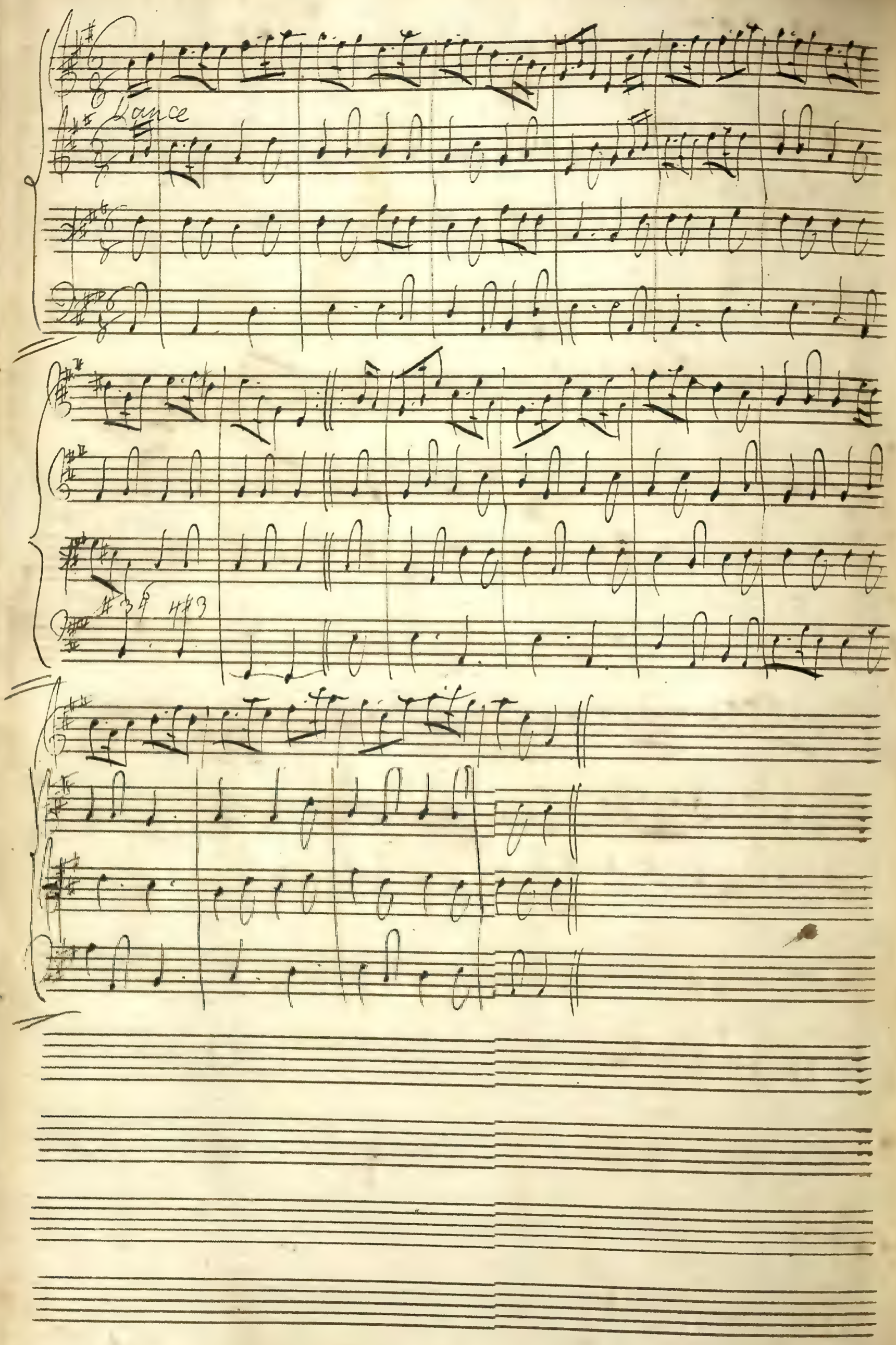


SOCIETY of British MUSICIANS


Lance

Caff— Say, will this Sight Convert thee
Now, dost thou yet
Beleive Cassandra speaks from Heavn?

Par— Yes Sister,
Thou hast nobly ffeasted both my Eyes and Ears;
And to do Justice to the Great performance,
I own thou art the mistriss of thy Art
Thou Like the Sweating Chymist att ye ffire,
That Blows the Bellows for the Great Elixir
Hast not Lost all thy Soyl; thoust found ye Brass
In Searching after Gold. Thy ten years Drudgery
To grasp the Propetess, has gaind ye Juggler,
This Airy Tapstry=works artfull and Pretty,
Ingenious to a wonder, but wise Sister
Mend, mend thy Politicks; Light thy wandring ffires
To Lead poor ffooles, Go practise thy Delusions
On Empty Heads, whove room Enough to Swallow em

Caff— What says the Black Impenitent — Nay then
Ye Great Eternals, you that hold the Bolts
To Strike the Insolent Blasphemer Dead
Be your own Champions, right, your Injurd Godheads
Appear the whole Bright majesty of Heavn
And flash amazement through his Trembling Soul

Here Cassandra makes a Second Change:
The whole Garden being in a moment
Vanishd, and the Pannels of Painting
Filld up wth a Prospect of Heavn, in
which the whole Hierarchy of ye Heathen
Gods, with all their Severale Chariots,
Pallaces in the Air, &ct:

A New Piece of Musick
The Vocall Musick

Hold Hold Oh hold mad Toy yet Stop Stop ye Fate of Troy

Hold Troy

Hold

Hold

Hold Hold hold thou mad Phaeton Drive no more headlong on Tumbled &

Hold on

Hold on Tumbled & swallowd all

Hold on Tumbled & swallowd all Tumbled &

Swallowd all Swallowd all Death Death Death & Graves Wait thy fall

Swallowd all Death Death Death & Graves Wait thy fall

Tumbled & Swallowd all Death Death Death & Graves Wait thy fall

Swallowd all Swallowd all Death Death Death & Graves Wait thy fall

All ye Gods bolts & Rods every shaft every Dart strikes at ye adulterers Heart

All Heart

All Heart

All Heart

Down :ff: in ye Dark Infernall Cell

Down Down in ye Dark in ye Dark Infernall Cell

Down Down in ye Dark Down Down in ye Dark Infernall Cell

Down Down in ye dark In= fernal Cell Infer= nall Cell

Down :ff: in ye Dark Infernall Cell

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Down :ff: in ye Dark where ye Damnd Grou =

where ye Damnd grou - - - - - - n and furies yell where ye Damnd

where & Damnd Grou

where & Damnd grou

and furies yell where & Damnd Grou

grou & furies yell where & Damnd Grou

& furies yell Lust Lights & hottest Brands of Hell Lust Lights & hottest Brands of Hell

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Hell

Hell

Hell

172

Cass — Now Paris, where's the Infidell? Has all
This bright Descending Glory not one Beam
Puncloud thy shaded Sence?

Pari — This is indeed Amazing,
And my weak Eyes shrink at the Darling View
But why this Strange Surprize! Miracles!
Magick and Negromance — Witches and Sorcerers
In their Dark Cells, Can Call down Heav'n; Command
Their Elements, their Winds, their Air, their Seas,
Whilst those tame Powrs that shoud Command ye Universe
O bey th' Infernall Call — and shall thy weak Enchantments —

Cass — Nay now appear the whole black band of Hell
Appear the Furies; all the Dreadfull Ministers
Of ever burning Justice; you that finish
The Gods Imperfect Vengance, Their weak Thunder
Striks but at once, and gives a Minutes Death
Your keener fires for endless ages kill;
And make Ev'n Death Immortal — Rise, appear,
Bring all the Horrors of the Infernal Fires
That wait his Sinking Soul.

Waves his Hand, and in a Moment Changes
the Heav'n to a Transparent Scene of
Hell. Here a Peice of Instrumentall
Musick is performd, and a Dance of
Furies arising from Under the Stage::

Cass— Say Paris, now, is still thy Hardend Heart
Impenetrable Rock? Has neither Heavn nor Hell,
The Glories nor the Shades I've set before Thee,
One Tongue to tell thee, the inspird Cassandra
Speaks with the Voice of Fate? Oh Paris! Paris!
Let even thy own weak arguments Confute thee,
Were all the Glories I have rais'd before thee
Thy own vain Dreams, no more but Empty Air;
Think thou & Gods world Suffer even their Shadow
To be prophan'd by Treason and Imposture?
A false and Lying Prophets? no, Paris,
To Call the Thunderers Down in that Black name,
Would Call the Thunder too, and only open
Those Yawning Graves for the Impious Head y' raise 'em,
No wanderer, No; when my Commission'd Power
Can Call down Heavn t'unblind thy darkned Eyes,
Think'tis a Grace from the Descending Gods
To call thee back to life; my Brother!
Whilst their kind Hearts Stretch forth an Arm of mercy
Even yet to Save thee Sinking.

Paris—Oh, my Sister!
Take all these Sorrows from my Staggring back,
And give me back my peace.

Cass— Give thy self Peace,
Thy own Physitian, pour the Healing Balm
Into thy Sinking Soul. Return to Virtue,
Take that Blest Cordial for thy Sovereign Cure:
Think how the Gods present thee Life or Death;
Their Endless Joys, or Everlasting Pains.
Return, Return—oh! Let the Sight of these Devouring Flames
Thy unrepented Sins Eternals Portion
Wake thee to Sence, and Drive thee back to Honour.
But if Eternall Torments Cannot fright thee,
If 'tis a Worthless Care to Save a Soul,
Save thy poor Country, Save thy Bleeding Family
All lost by thee, Nay, if the Tyes of Nature,
A Father, Brothers, Sisters,—A whole Kingdome,
Their Bleeding Throats, Cant melt thee into Pity

Save thy own Bleeding Honour; Guard thy Name
From never Dying Infamy — oh! think
How Deathless Ages in their Blotted Annals
Must brand the Shame of that Lascivious Boy
Whose Wanton Fires drew down the Flames of Troy.
Par— Go on, thou Lovely Guide! Lead me to Life
For oh! there's Wondrous Glory shines before thee.
Cast— Come then my Brother, for the Gates of Mercy
Stand open to receive thee! Quit but that
Vile Load of Earth that holds thee back from Heaven,
Shake off the Impious Charms that have undone thee.
Par— Quit my fair Helen! oh! that killing Sound!
'Tis Daggers, Death, and Graves! I cannot bear it.
Cast— oh! never fear that pain! the Gracious Gods
Will never bless thy Stars; To thy Conversion
They'll give thee a new Soul, give thee new Joys;
Make thee look back with all that Shame and Horrour
On that Vile Sorceress, her Charms so Loathd —
Par— oh! 'Tis Impossible! my Bleeding Heart,
And all the Pangs of Love —
Cast— If Love can only Bless thee,
They'll give thee a new, fairer, Darling Choice;
Some Courteous Virgin Choice, all Angelic Innocence;
Charms that shall farr outshine the Lovely Helen's
Bright Eyes, whilst from ye Bed of Glory
Not Sculkd like Robbers to their Midnight-prey,
Thou shalt bring forth, all Decktin Bridal Chaplets
The Lovely fair, for Gazing Worlds to Envy thee.
All this the Gods will do, They'll Study Blessings
To Crown such Penitence.
Par— No more my Conqueror:
Thou hast won the Glorious Field: Lawrells and Triumph!

Enter Helen

Hel— Lord of my Life, I come to Claim thee.
To Long a Truant? Confusion! Horrour!
What do I see!
Par— What seest thou Helen? Thou beholdst my Fate,
The Price of Sin and Death.
Hel— Mercy forbid!

Par— Ay mercy, Helen; tis Eternall mercy
Can only snatch me from these swallowing Fires.
Oh Helen! Helen, these Devouring Bloodhounds,
All Keen and Hungry for their Prey, hunt me
So Close, that Heav'n and thou Canst only save me.
Hel— And I can save my Paris?
Pari— Yes 'tis thou
Must aid the Labring Gods; For, oh hard ffate!
To save me, thou must Loose me.
Hel— Lose my Paris!
Pari— ffor ever Lose me. The angry Pow'rs
Have set those beauteous Eyes the only Barr
'Twixt their bright Joyes and me. Alas! my Helen,
That Barr remov'd can only Give me Heav'n.
Hel— Are then these Eyes thy ffate?
Par— Mine, and a Kingdoms ffate.
Not me alone, but my whole Royall Blood
And all the Trojan Lives, a Long Divorce
From those Destroying Charms Can only save.
Hel— Oh Killing Sounds!
Cass— Take heed my Brother,
There's Danger in that Tongue.
Par— Alas my Sister;
Fear not thy Convert. I'm the Heroe now,
And Dangers must not shake me.
Hel— Yes, my Paris
The Angry Gods shall be obey'd. Shall Helen,
Shall I Debar thee Heav'n? oh no! I'll take
The ffair Destroyers, these two fatal Eyes,
For Ever from thy Sight.
Par— Oh that dire Word! For Ever we must part!
Hel— Nay, my Dear Paris
Disturb not the soft Peace twixt Heav'n and thee
For such a worthless Outcast from thy Arms,
Rather than give thee, Ev'n a Moments pain
For such a triffling Loss forget that Ever
I had Eyes or Charms to please. Let not one Scene
Of a whole ten years Joys be ere remembred,
Nay, and to make the Loss yet Lighter still,
Think that I never Lov'd.
Par— Not Lov'd! Nay, Helen,

wrong not fair truth. Ev'n the angry Powers that part us
Hate ffalshood, more than they hate thee. Our very Enemies,
Th' unkind Gods, and all these Lowring ffuries,
Ev'n when they tear thee from my Soul, must do thee
That Noble Right, to tell recording Ages
Thy Sex ne're Lov'd like thee.

Hel— That we have Lov'd
Is all but yesterday. The fatall Morrow Comes,
When we must Love no more.

Cass— Yet Guard thy Heart
From that fair Syren's Songs.

Par— Tis safe my Sister,
I think — I hope — tis safe.

Hel— Go then my Paris
Be both thy own and thy Dear Troy's Protector,
Do, save thy Country, save thy Bleeding Troy,
Save all but poore Lost me — oh Paris! Paris!
When to the Lord of all my Joys, to these
Dear Eyes, these Arms, to all that's Love or Life,
I bid at once Eternally ffarewell
Think (if I am worth a Thought) How I shall Dragg
This Load of Living Earth, a forlorn Wanderer,
Around the Hated World! — A Wanderer? No,
That were to walk in the bright Beams of Light.
No! Light and Day, when I Lose Heav'n and thee
All be shut To Helens Dying Eyes,

Par— Nay, these too Pender Plants all wrapt in Shade.

Hel— Night! Everlasting Night! In some Lone Cave
Dark as Despair and Silent as the Grave,
There my Lost Head I'll hide. There stretch'd on th'
Hard Ground (for Earth must be my Pillow now)
The Child of Woe, and Heir of Misery,
Cold, as a Marble Monument I'll Lye,
All a true weeping Marble.

Par— Nay my Helen,
Rack not thy Gentle Peace, Tis too hard Pennance.

Hel— Tis all too Easy, when I Lose my Paris,
Lose whats more Dear than Life, Can I feel Less than all
The Pangs of Bleeding Death, the Racks and Tortures
of two Divided Souls? — But oh! I sink

Beneath the killing thought. Sowry

Paris — Ye Gods! the Saints!
Look up my Lovely mourner —

Cass — Hold, yet Hold.
Touch not that fair Polution.

Paris — Thy Cassandra!
Tho' I am forbid to Love, the Powrs that part us
Deny not Charity. Yore too the Sinks
Beneath her fatal Griefs, and I but Lend
A Pitying Hand to prop the falling Ruins

Hel — And do I wake in thine Dear Arms once more?

Par — To save a Life my Helen.

Hel — No my Paris,
Here Left me Dye; here, in His Bed of Rose
Stifled with Sweets, breath out my Parting Soul
The Cruell Gods will not Deny me Dying
In these Dear Arms where I must Live no more.

Paris — O Live for ever ever Here.

Cass — Horrour and Death!
What Says the Black Apostate?

Pari — In these Arms,
The Lives for Ever.

Cass — Oh! How Barbarous Traytor
To all that's Truth and Heavn!

Par — No; How more barbarous Rebel
To all that's Truth and Love; not all thy Art
Shall tear her from my Soul, my Blood and Heart.
Yes rally all your Negromantick Spells,
Your Airy Visions, and your Painted Hells
Down Grinning Shades, Down to your Gloomy Cells,
There in your Sooty Dungeons howling Lye
Before these Charms you Scatterd Phantoms fly.

Exits H. Helen

Cass — Is all my Powr in Vain? No Art to Save Thee?
What's proffrd Life, where 'tis robbd on terms
Oh Sin! How Headlong dost thou Drive; not all
The fear of Heavn nor Hell, can stop thy fall.

Exit

= The End of the 4th Act =

Act y^e 5th

Cassandra Sola:

Cass— Now Paris, Clasp thy wretched Helen in thy Arms
Be wanton, Rebell in Dispair and Horrour
At Length th' affrighted God of Lawless Love
Forsakes his Empire in her Heart, and now
A Grinning Fury Tyrannizes there.
Nay Paris too's the Gorgon that affrights her
No Interval of Peace when he's in view
Oh Great Diana, this blest Change was thine
Be kinder still Compleat thy work Divine,
Perhaps this Dreadfull Change may have that force
To strike his Alarm'd Conscience with Remorse,
And that Remorse yet save poor sinking Troy. Exit

Enter Acestes

Acess— Why must I Live on a Camelion Feast,
The Empty hopes of Love! when Heavn has Call'd her,
Cassandra's Wealth, and my Selena's Charms,
Are both my own. — To be thus Doubly Blest.
What if I Hasten the slow Call of Heavn! —
Ah noe such Black Ingratitude — Ingratitude.
For what! To make her Bless'd! Crown her own wishes!
Eas'd of that Earth that Clogs her mounting Wings,
And give her all the Darling Heavn she Longs for!
Besides I strike with an Encourag'd hand.
The Royal Paris wrongs her Death Demand,
But for a stroke to hush ye Healous World,
Ay that's a thought — Lett me Consider —
She keeps an Image, drest in flowing Gold,
A Thing she calls the Statue of Diana,
Here Every morning on her bended knees,
The Hallow'd Robe first kiss'd with Adoration,
She pays her Orisons to the moulten Deity,
That kiss shall seall her Fate,
Her Lips but toucht, such penetrating fumes,
Shall Catch her firing Brain, 'till wild as winds or seas
Her Roaring Madness Towrs above ye Skyes,

Thus by the unsuspecting World twill be beleiv'd
The Dies in ye Same Frenzy that she Liv'd. Exitt

Enter Helen attended by
Women rising from Sleep:

Hel — Where have I been! what Horrours have I seen!
Oh my Distracting Dream!
Wom — Pray Madam be Compos'd: what has Disturbd you.
Hel — Methought,
I was a Captive made to Menelaus;
Who Hurried me aboard a Grecian Ship,
Fast bound in Chains to visit Greece again;
Vowing Revenge —— As we were under Saile,
A Dreadfull storme, methought o're Cast ye Sky
The whistling Winds blew hard, the Billows roard,
The Heavns were Dark. Anon fierce Lightning flashd
Lending by fitts a Snatch of Dreadfull Day:
The Labouring Barque at random, drives, now mounts,
To'th Skyes; now Tumbles to ye Lowest Shades.
The storm Drenchd Pilot quits ye Broken Helm,
And holds unus'd, his Trembling Hands to Heavn.
Whilst pale Devotion Shrieks from Every Throat,
And now, (oh terrible to thought)
Our Helpless Vessell bulges 'gainst a Rock,
And splits into a thousand peices.
Wom — Swas terrible Indeed!
Hel — As we were ready all to sink, methought,
My Husband Drag'd me by the Galling Chains,
Enrag'd, with Dizzy Swiftness Down ye Deep
Till we fell Headlong on the Gulph of Hell. —
And there (Horrour!) methought he Swung me by
The Hair, to be Chastisd among ye Furies,
Crying take there the foul Adultress Helen,
At this a Fiend, too Hideous for Conceit,
With Violent, and Horrid force,
Drag'd me to a burning Engine to be tortur'd!
Where while the Agonizing pains were on me,
A Pale, a Wan, and Ghastly form, whom they
Call'd Conscience, stood, from whose reviling Eyes
Shot forth a thousand stings to wound my Soul.
Hah!

Enter Paris

Par — How fares my Love!
What means that Dread and Terror in thy Looks —
Hel — See there! the Fury Comes again to torture me,
Look how he Grins and Rowls his fiery Eyes!

See how his Nostrils spout forth livid flames!
I cannot bear his pestilential Breath.

Par — Distraction all! She knows not me her Paris,
Cruel Cassandra, this has been thy work —
How fares my Helen? Tis thy Paris calls.

Hel — Mercy! O spare me. Mercy Gentle friend.
My Last afflicting pains are on me still;
Whilst Honour and Despair my Bosom fill. sinks down

Par — Alas my presence but Distracts her more, —
Yes Sorceress, tis now thy Ravaining hour,
But thy Black Arts shall boast no Long Livd power,
For if thy Light beyond to morrow shine,
May the next rising Sun be never mine.

Hel — Ha! now he's gone, I know that for me too well,
But oh hard thought. are those the Eyes must kill!
Why this Distracted mind! and why, oh why
Is thought a Torment! nature to Distinguish,
The man from Brute gives us a humane Soul
Onely to furnish out an Acheing Brain,
We are Lords of Reason to be slaves to Pain. Exit

Enter Cassandra meeting Selena

Cass — Thou Lookst amaid, Selena, why that fright
And Horrour in thy face.

Sele — Oh Madam
Never was night so fatal, the young Prince
Dreamt you were Poysond; and t'avert the Omen
Of his Black Dreams, and Guard your precious Life
Leapt from his Bed, ran to Diana's Shrine
Where he had no sooner kist ye Hallowd Robe
But started into madness.

Enter Astianax Mad, Led in by Women

Ast — Look, Look Selana, see my poor Dear Father
See how they Dragg him round the walls of Troy,
Cowards and slaves! the mungral Village Currs
Dare seize on the Dead Lyon!

Cass — Poysoners, Impious poysoners!
Thee and proud Troy one funerall pile shall burne. Exitunt

The Last Scene

The Town of Troy, the streets are seen through three Gates Archt, with percutis, Battlements and wines. # # # # # # # # # # # #

Enter ye mob of Troy half Drunk

1st mob — Huzzah Come along Boys to ye sports huzzah.

omn — Huzzah!

2d mo — Well, here will be roaring Doings to night.

3d m — But who is to be at the Charge of all this Fidling and Dancing to night

4 mo — Why ffool Lord Paris gives it us all Gracious.

2 mo — Well, but now we are all met Lovingly together as we have been drinking a Little soberly, so let us talk a Little wisely, And Ben Lay our Heads together over a Bottle and settle ye nation.

omn — Ay, ay, Lets settle the nation!

2d mob — Then Look ye — Here has been ten years war, and forought we know here may be twenty years peace, what ye Devil then made the Greeks and ye Trojans Quarrell!

1st mob — That Devil that makes half ye world Quarrell; a wench ffool,

2d mo — Meaning her Graceless majesty Queen Helen!

1st mob — Ay Helen. who shoud I mean but Queen Helen? But you'd have me tell names and talk of Treason wou'd ye! noe I thank you for that, I have more brains than so.

2d mo — Ay, I find you have so. oh that Helen neighbour, between you and I, if the truth were known, has done her poor Husband a great Deal of wrong: But how has he righted himself with all this Killing and slaying!

1st mob — How like a man of Honour, nobly, nobly well.

2 mob — How nobly:

1st mob — I'll tell you how — she gave him a hard head, and he has been this ten years a having it Cudgeld soft again.

3d mob — A hard head Cudgelld soft! very Pretty. Lord what an ingenious World do we live in.

2d mob — But here's another Great Question, what may ye Greeks and Trojans have got by this warr!

1st mob — Got by war! why Broken Pates, and Empty Pockets, What shoud they Get.

2d mo — And is it only for that, that they have been all this while onely knocking of Brains out?

1st mob — No, neighbour, they have not been all this while only knocking of Brains out, they have knockt some into us, they have been at Loggerheads so Long, till they have got a Little more wit and a great Deal Less money, and so both sides by Consent have Ben Drawn stakes, and the Cuckold, and Kuckold maker are both ffriends agen.

2d mob — If this be all these high ffighters gett, why do these Great ffolks they Call princes make war one with another.

1st mo — Why ffool out of meer Charity

2 mob — Hoy Day make war out of Charity!

1st mob — Ay Charity blockhead. Dont you see they make war to make Cripples, and then they build Hospitals to maintain 'em

2 mo — Ay we know all that, but for what reason do they make war.

1st mo — Reason for war! Here's a Dog! Has not reason for cutting of Throats.

2 mo — Nay, nay, I mean for what Cause do they make war.

1st mo — Ay now you say Somthing, I'll tell you for what Cause, One of these Great folks you talk of, falls sick, has not of two Distempers together. First he grows pursy proud; next neither Jealousy or ambition gets ye Upper hand, and then to get rid of both their pestilent Diseases, Instead of opening one of his own mad Veins, he opens half a Nations.

3 mo — Right neighbour. and so they Let us blood for their Cure

3mn — Ay, ay, a plain Case a plain Case.

4th m — But here's another main thing to be Considered. what Trade would they [illegible] but this peace time.

2 mo — What Trade fool? why ye Balladmaker, or Neighbours there will be roaring work for Sonnet and Madrigale to Sing the Feats of our Noble Sons of Mars.

3 mob — Right neighbour, to tell ye Truth in Heroick Doggrell, how many Enemys they have Kill'd for us in the Time of War, and how many Children they've got for us in the Time of Peace. But hark the musick begins.

Enter Chorus of Bacchanals

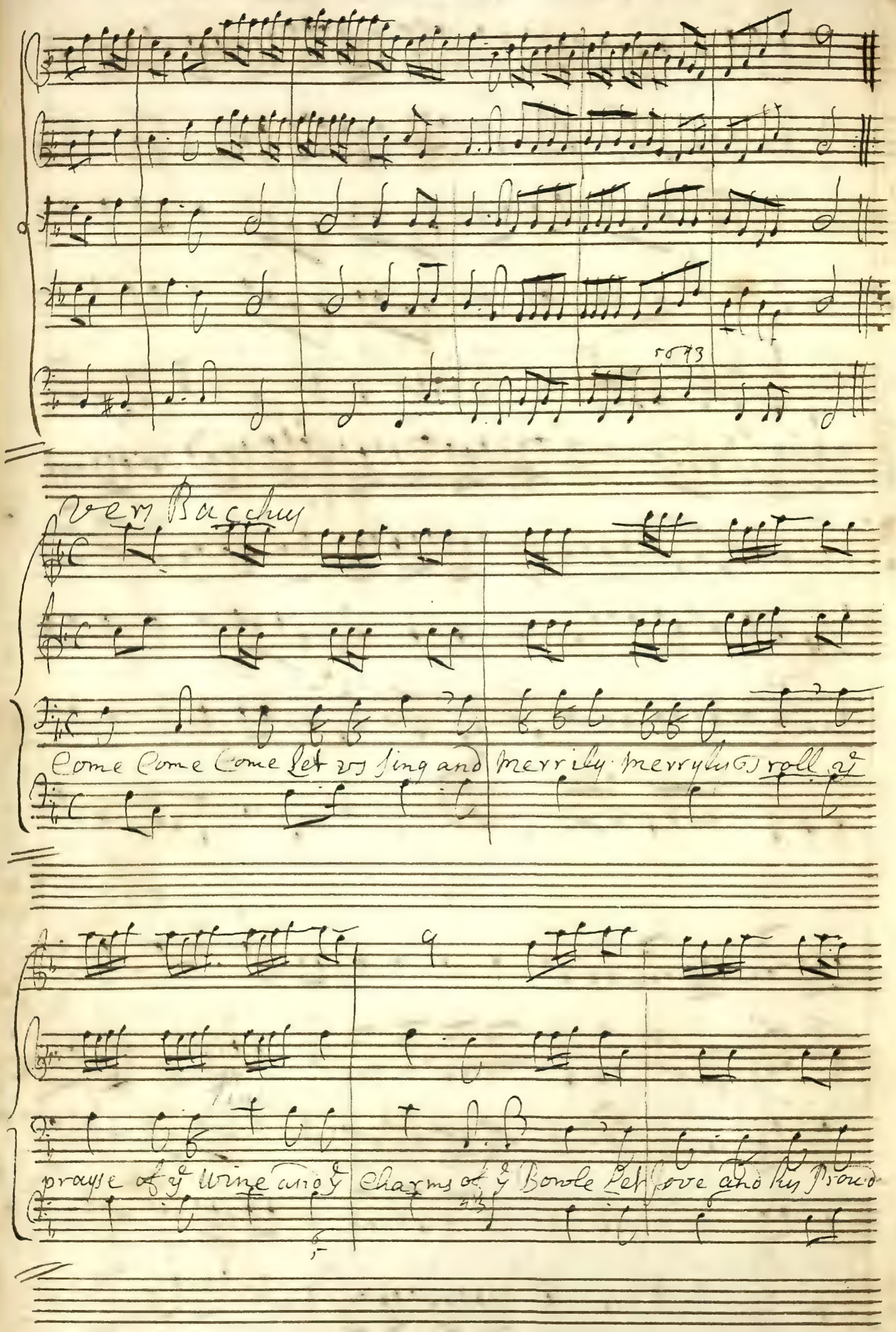
Grand Dance: Singers in Rich Dresses — — —

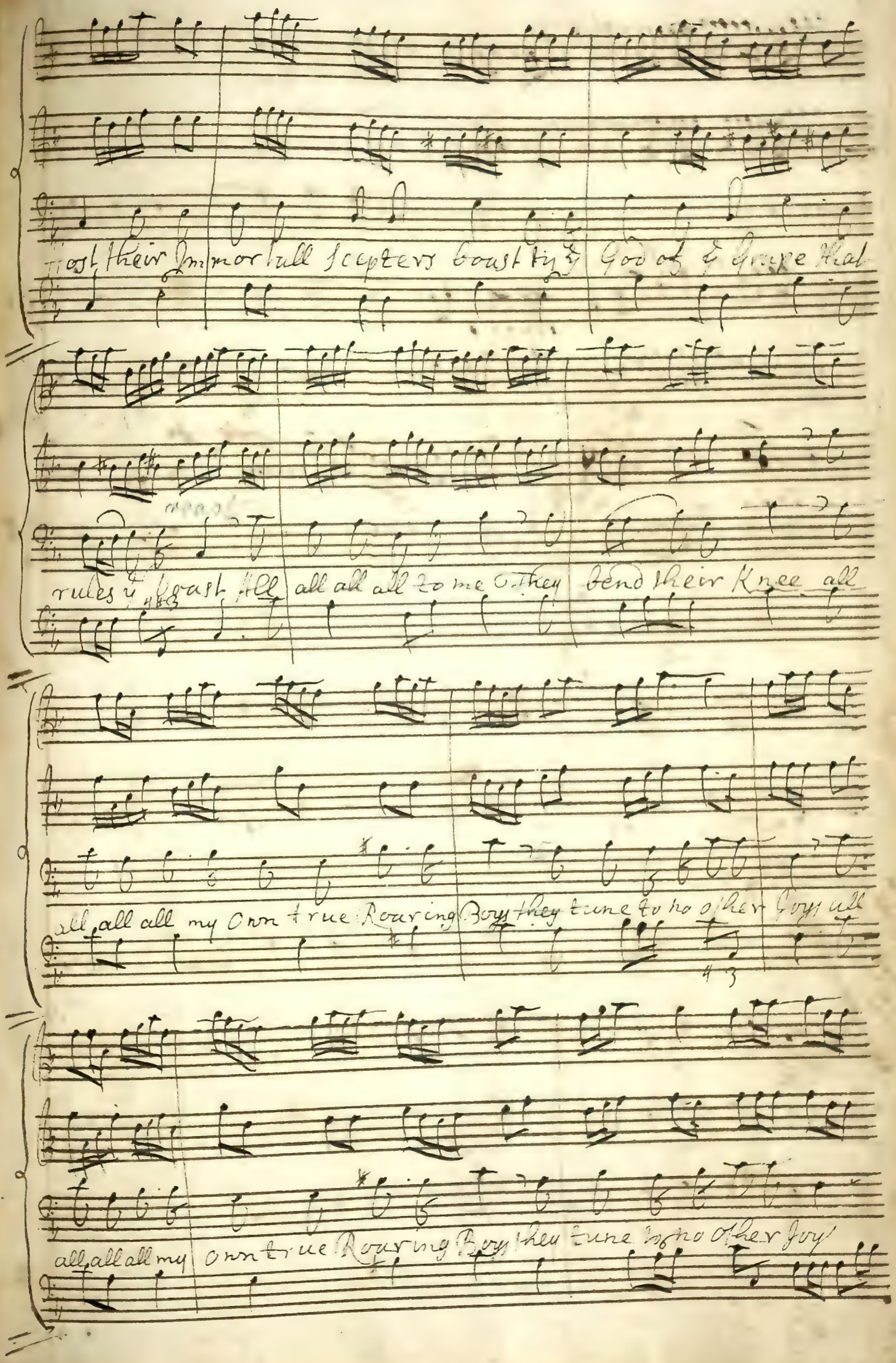
SOCIETY OF British MUSICIANS

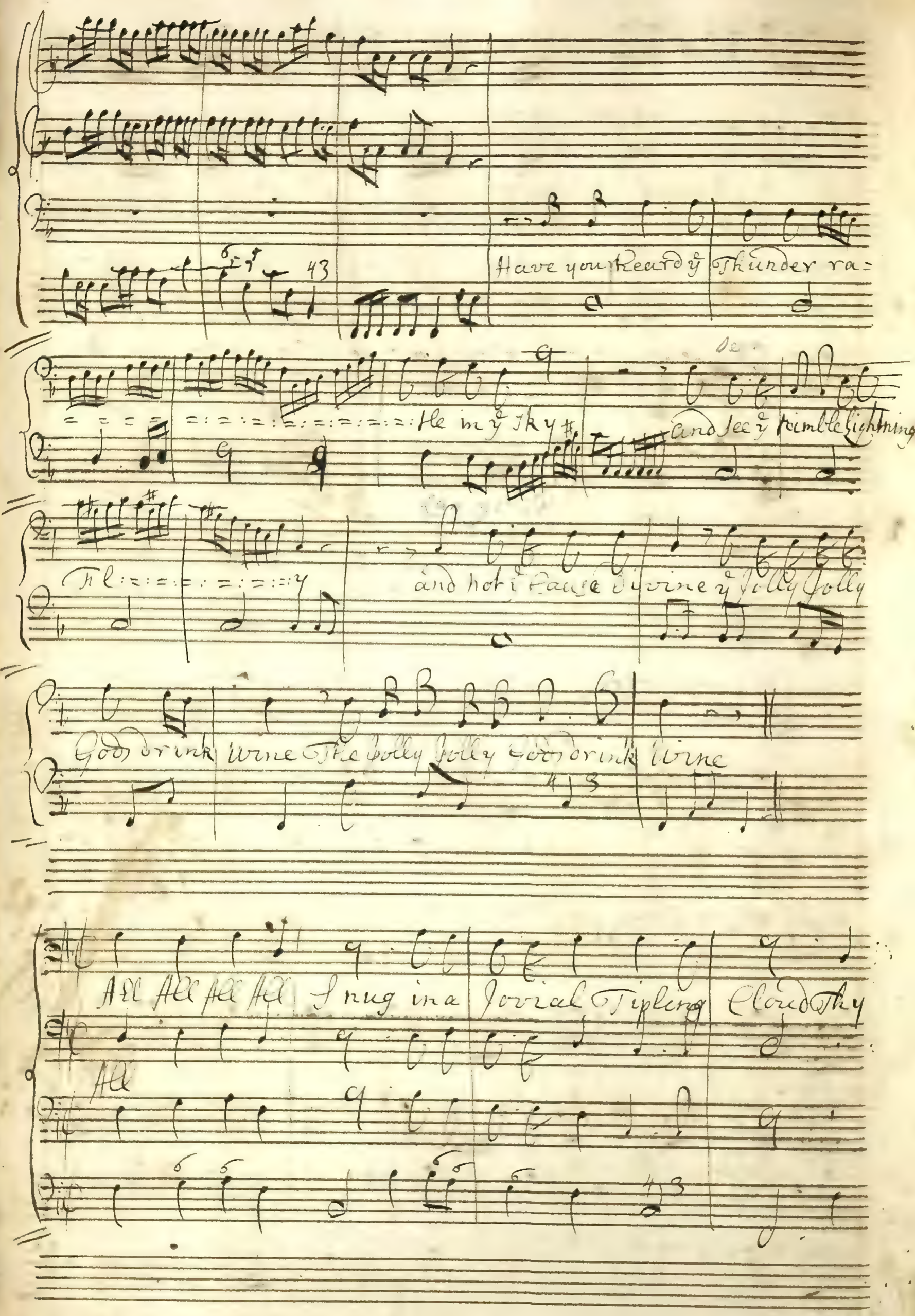
5th Ode

By Bacchus and Bacchanals

SOCIETY of
British
MUSICIANS


Vers Bacchus
Come Come Come Let vs sing and merrily merrylyes roll ye
prayse of ye Wine and ye Charms of ye Bowle Let Jove and his Proud


Host their Immortall Scepters boast ty ye God of ye Grape that
rules ye boast All all all all to me O They bend their Knee all
all all all my Own true Roaring Boys they tune to no other Joys all
all all all my Own true Roaring Boys they tune to no other Joy


Have you heard ye Thunder ra=
=le in ye Sky
and see ye tumble Lightning
Fl=y
and not ye Cause Divine ye Jolly Jolly
Gods drink Wine The Jolly Jolly Gods drink Wine
All All All All Snug in a Jovial Tipling Cloud Thy
All

quaff & they Lau=gh They quaff & they Lau with a

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They they

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gh with a ho ho ho ho ho with a ho ho ho They quaff and they Lau=

gh with a ho ho ho ho ho with a ho ho ho ho ho They

gh they quaff & they Laugh so

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quaff & they Laugh so Loud they Quaff & they Lau-

they quaff and they Laugh so Loud

=:=:=:=:=:gh they quaff and they Laugh so Loud

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Little Eolus & Boreas all the whole mad Chorus They

Little Eolus & Boreas all & whole mad Chorus they

Little Eolus and Boreas all & whole mad Chorus they

Hostler Innkeeper and your all a pack of mad fellows All a pack of mad

Hostler

all a pack of mad

Hostler

fellows they burne & Bellows they burne they burn & Bellows and

fellows

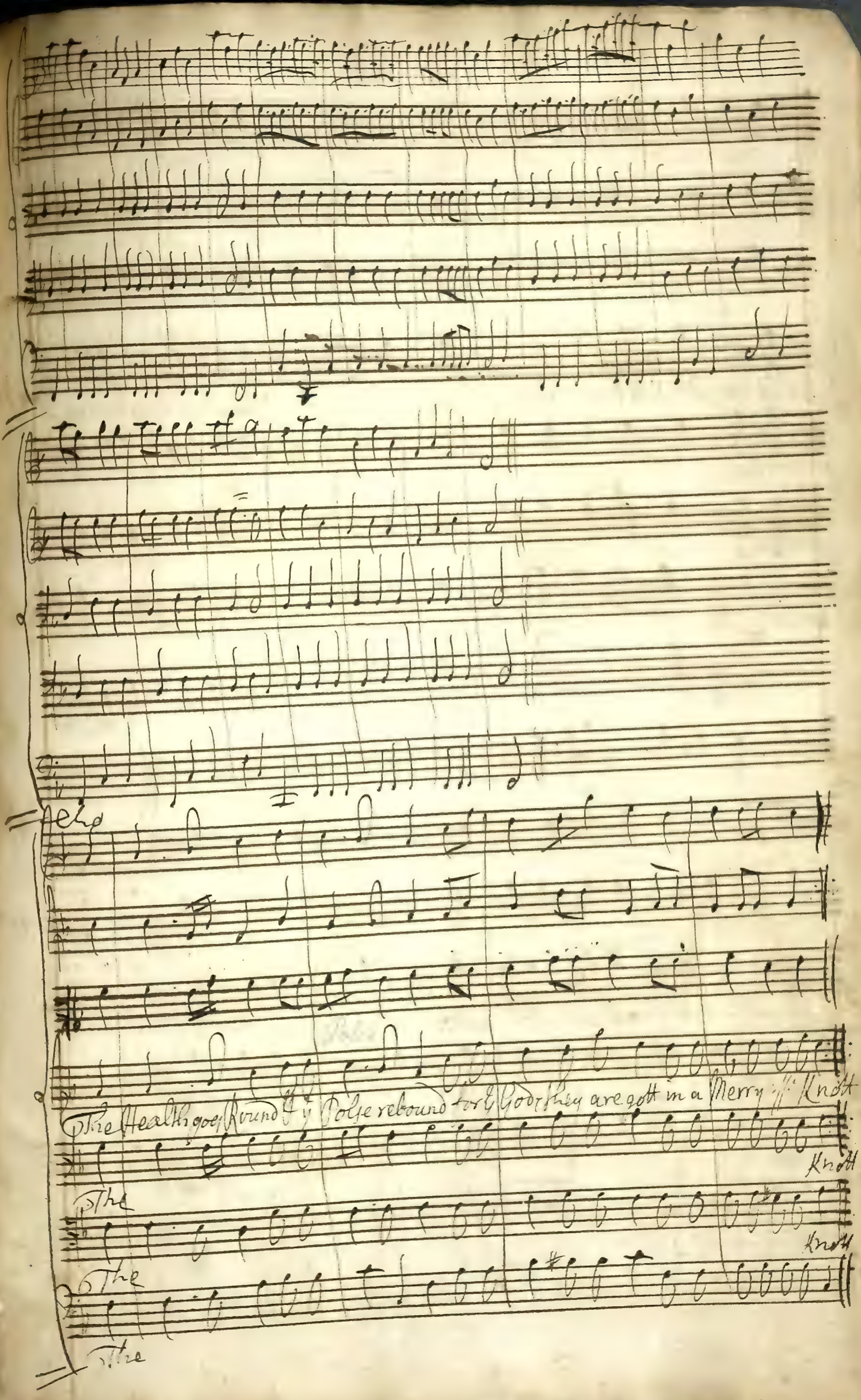
and

all a pack of mad fellows then burn then burn & Bellows and

throw & whole House out a door & throw & whole House out a door

throw

throw


Echo
The Health goes Round & ye Pulse rebound for Godsthey are gott in a Merry ‖ Knott
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Whilst they blow & they roff they heave & they puff & all all all & all all all o

Whilst

Whilst

Whilst

Take off y Pott & all all all & all all all Take off y Pott

Take

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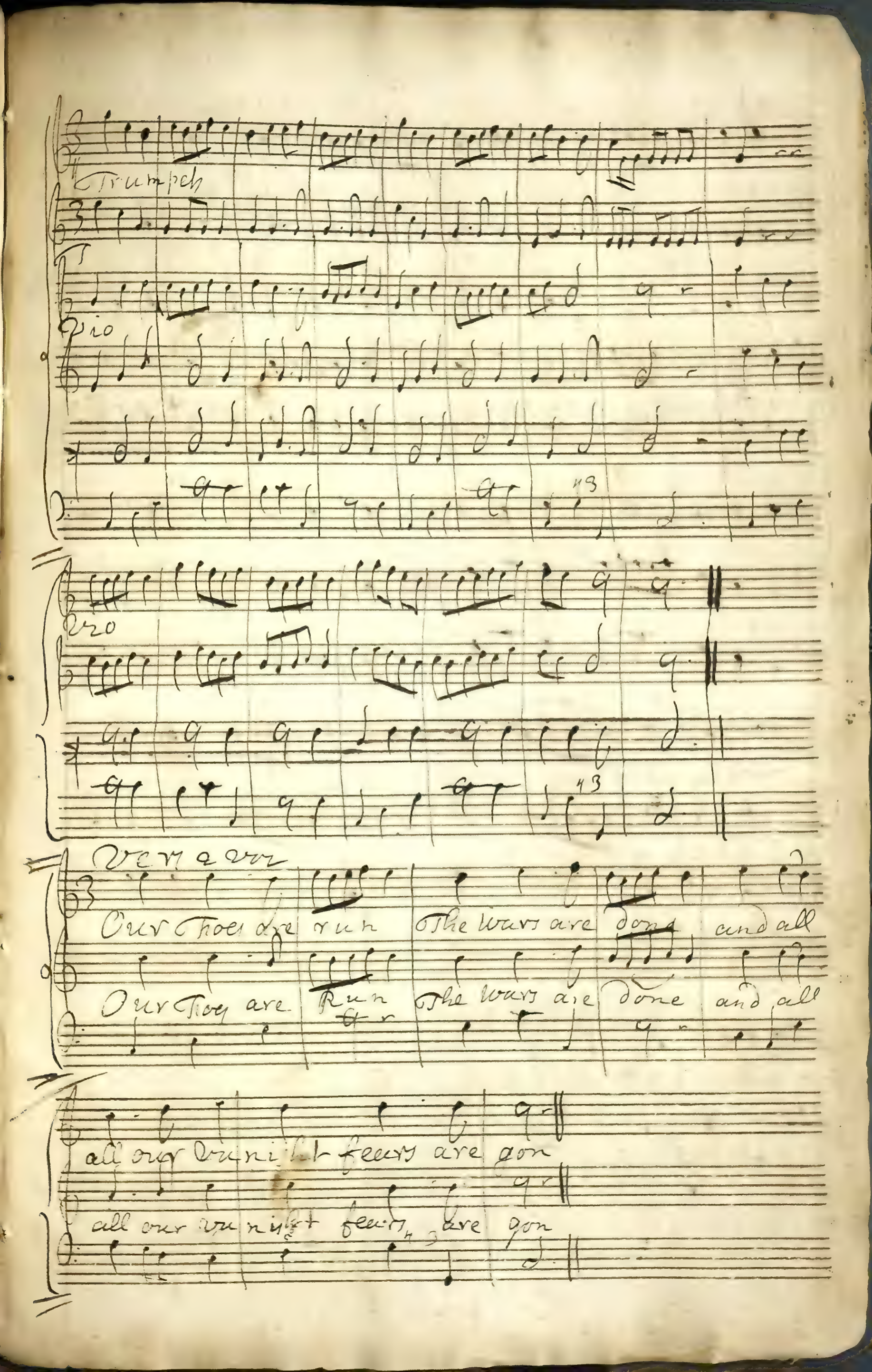
Take

Pott


Trumpets
Vio
Vio
Vers a voz
Our Foes are run The wars are done and all
Our Foes are Run The wars are done and all
all our vunisht fears are gon
all our vunisht fears are gon

Cho

Our Foes are ru n The wars are don Hallall all our vanisht Fears are gon

Our

Our

Our

Hemd in with Peace Wall d round wth Joy Standy. Un

Hemd

Un

Shaken Towrs of Troy

Troy

Hemnd in wth peace Walld Rowtion wth Joy Stund ye & nd haken 6 Towrs of 6 Troy

Hemnd

Hemnd

Hemnd

Then come lets Joy n our Hyrs Divine In all the

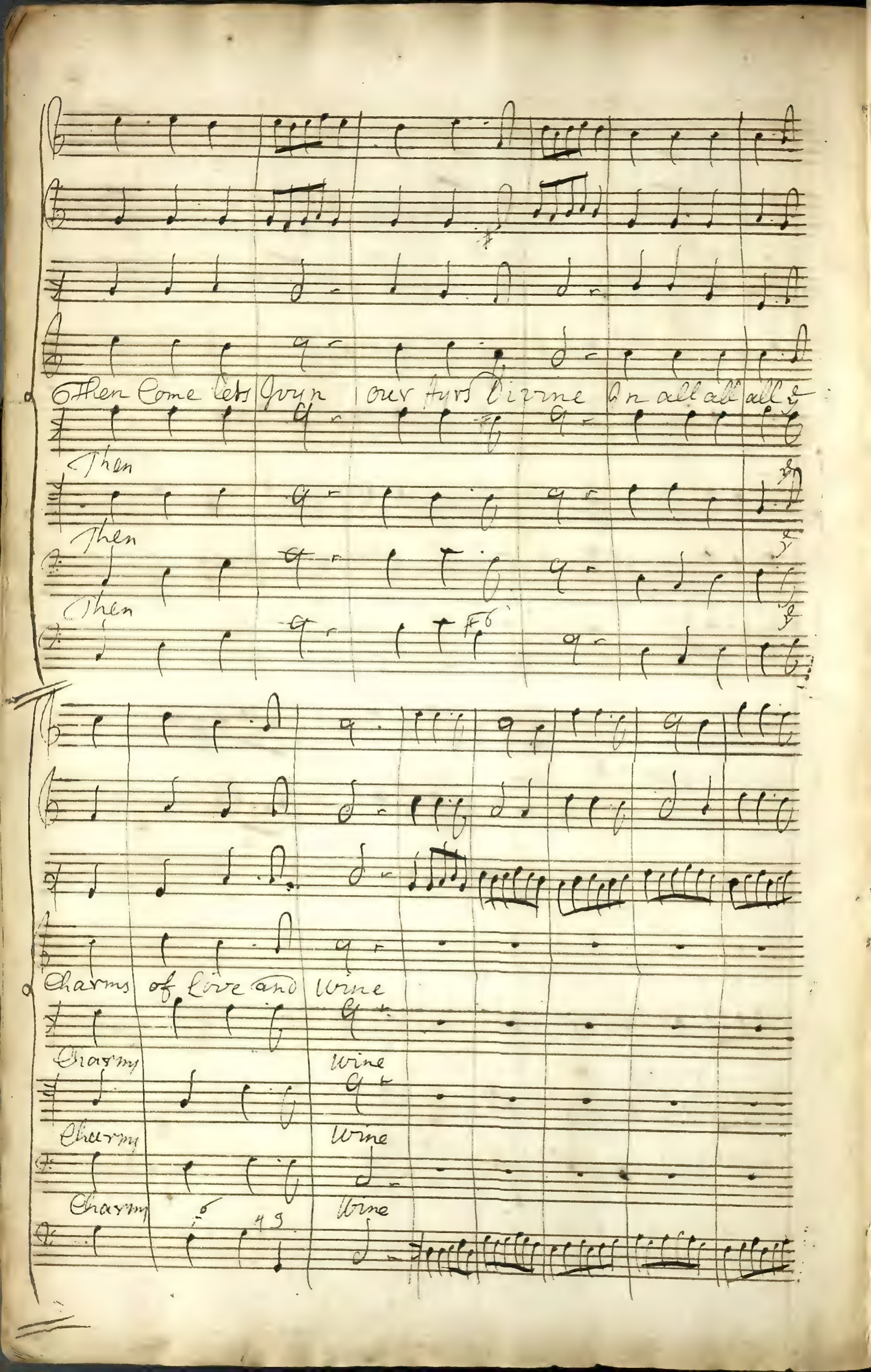
Then

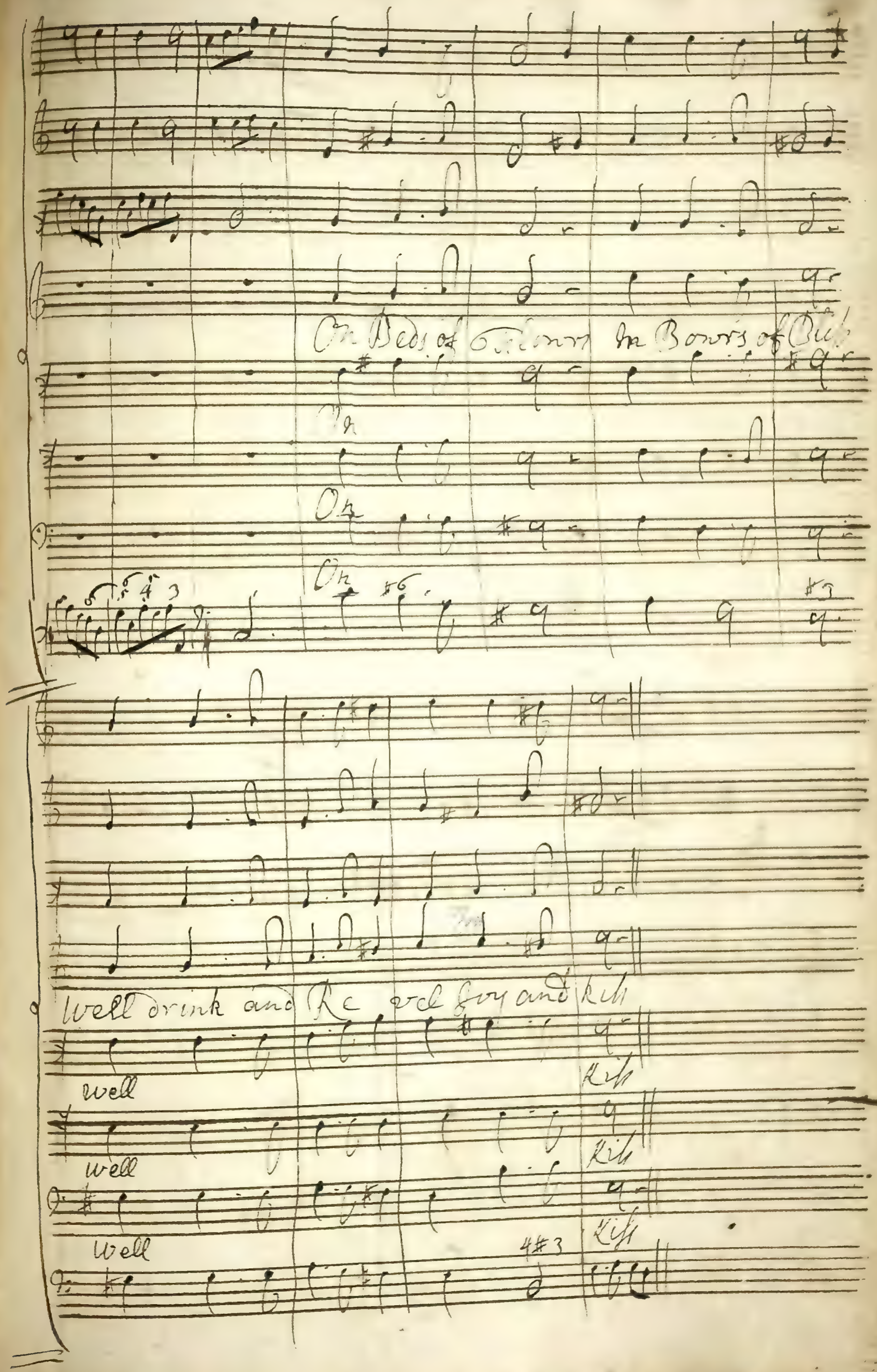
Hie

Charms of Love and Wine

Charms

Wine


Then Come lets Joyn our Hurs Divine In all all all
Then
Then
Then
Charms of Love and Wine
Charms
Wine
Charms
Wine
Charms
Wine


On Beds of Flowrs In Bowrs of Bliss
On
On
On
Well drink and Re vel Joy and kiss
well
kiss
well
kiss
well
kiss

A Smiling Heavn and shining Throne Love Love

Love

Love and Empire all our Own

Love

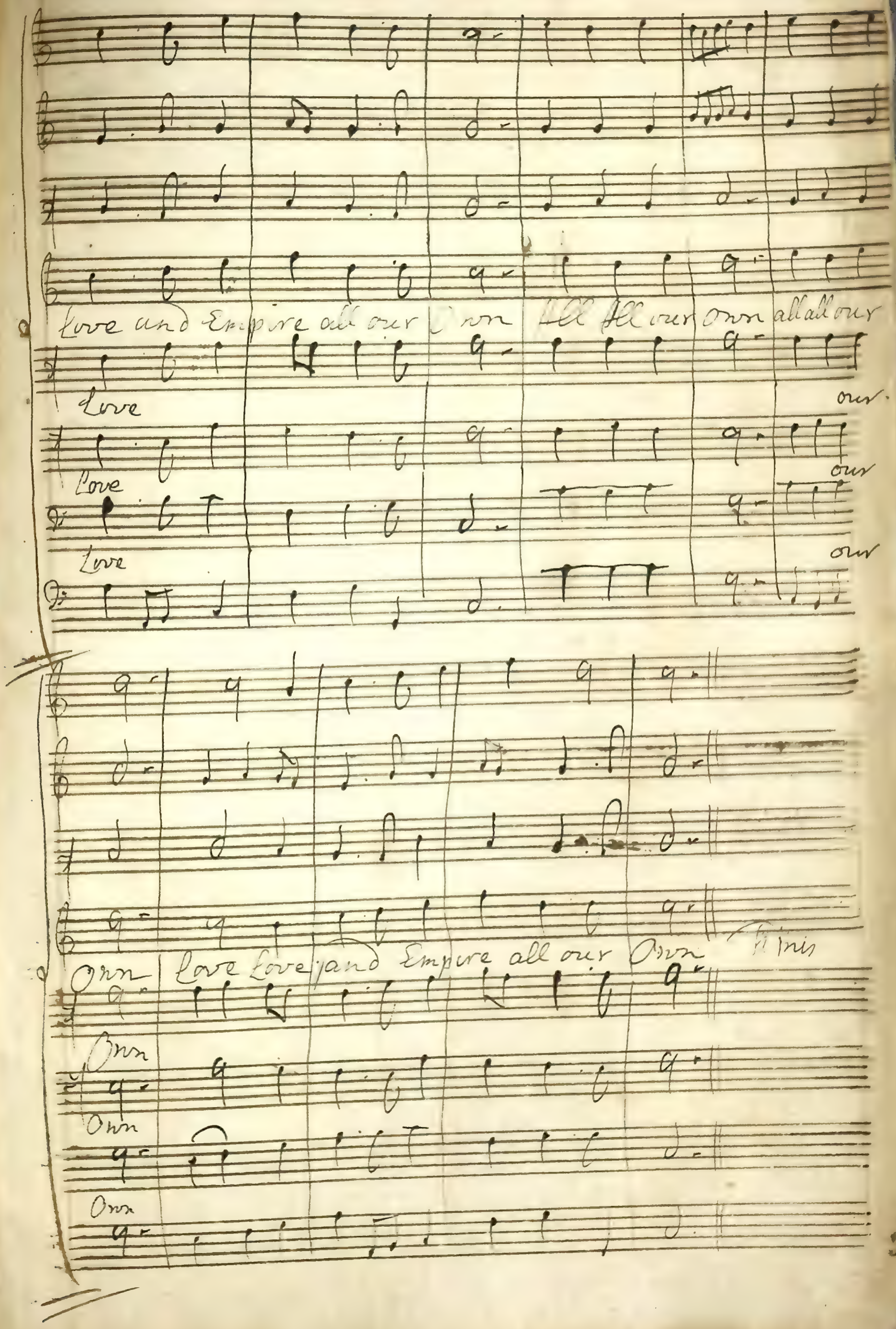
Ch.

A Smiling Heavn and shining Throne Love Love

Love

Love

Love


Love and Empire all our Own All All our Own all all our
Love
our
Love
our
Love
our
Own Love Love and Empire all our Own Finis
Own
Own
Own

SOCIETY OF
British
MUSICIANS

A Cry of Fire ~~[illegible]~~ behind
the Scenes: Enter Sev^ll mobb
running Cross ye Stage Crying Fire

1st — Fire Fire, fly, fly, we that are all Dead men Lets fly and
Save our Lives, the Greeks are all broken in upon us, and
kill burne and Ravish.

2 mo — Ha! ye Greeks, who the Devill sent for em back agen.

1st — Oh that Cursed Horse! that over grown wooden mare

R.C.M. London